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a 4-page feature by
Malcolm Muggeridge

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Mr Krushchev's Rebuff

MR KRUSHCHEV'S Asian journey is quite unlike his former get-together tour with Marshal Bulganin. The Russians then assumed that all ex-colonial countries would regard Russia as a benevolent elder brother and their opponents would be exposed as no more than a handful of capitalist and western-minded traitors to Indian independence. No such illusion is possible after this visit to India.

The background of his present visit is the Chinese expansionist threat on the Indian frontier. Troubled by the fierce reaction of opinion in India and beyond, Krushchev's objects were to reawaken anti-colonial feeling and to persuade Nehru to make concessions to Chou En-lai. He failed in both objects. How conscious of failure he was, he showed by publicly complaining that India seemed less hot against their former oppressors than Russia, which had never been a colony. He said that western countries offered economic aid only in order to make profits for themselves and to prevent India moving towards Communism. This has been Russia's trump card in the past – and for two main reasons. After the war military strings dangled too obviously from western economic aid. Again, the West offered aid usually on the charitable ground that it desired to raise the standard of living of poor people, while the Russians appealed to their new-born nationalism by promising to help in a programme of industrial development which could make them independent.

The Indians have now become too sophisticated to accept this distinction at its face value. They can see that Russian aid may carry within it a greater threat than western loans. This lesson has been rubbed in both by the example of countries, like Tibet, where Communists have assumed power, and by the recent change of attitude among western statesmen. On one occasion Mr Nehru even made a warm reference, in Krushchev's hearing, to the recent visit of Eisenhower, who seems at last to have realised that Indian neutrality is desirable. Even more significant, no one in India or anywhere else can now seriously doubt that Mr Macmillan has grasped that, both in Asia and in Africa, it is industrial development, genuine independence and non-involvement in the Cold War that is demanded.

From the outset Indians viewed Krushchev's visit in terms of his possible influence on China. He made no public references to China. So Indians were left to speculate. If Krushchev hoped to persuade the Indian Premier to weaken in his attitude on the frontier dispute, he was certainly disappointed. Nehru had already sent a lengthy and detailed retort to Chou En-lai and had invited him to visit Delhi, to 'talk' but not to 'negotiate' about the frontier.

Bitterly attacked in the Indian parliament for even inviting Chou En-lai to Delhi, Nehru was able to defend himself by a categorical assertion that he had made no concessions to Chou. This was a significant rebuff for Krushchev and exposed as unreasonable the spokesmen of the Swatantra and Socialist parties who, like so many Blimps, attacked Nehru for humiliating India and 'shaking hands with murder'.

During the past year Mr Krushchev has done everything he could to relax tension in the west. Russia is increasingly a prosperous country which wishes to enjoy some of the fruits of its revolution. His plans are baulked by the Chinese who are still in the revolutionary, aggressive stage of Communism. Because of this basic difference, commentators both in the west and in India have talked as if there could be a public quarrel between China and Russia. This has always been an absolute illusion. If Krushchev can exercise a modifying effect on Mao Tse-tung, it will be in private, However, one beneficial result of his present tour may be an awareness that India and other Asian countries want independence from Communism as well as from capitalism; and that his hopes for the Summit, as well as success in 'peaceful competition' in the ex-colonial world, may thus depend on his ability to modify the heady policy of Peking.

Comments on the Week's News

A Colonial Watershed

The last-minute hitch over the security of land tenure, which delayed the winding up of the Kenya conference, illustrates the importance of the constitutional plan which had already been accepted. In a word, the Africans, the Blundell settlers and the British government have agreed on a plan which opens the door to what must soon be African majority control. It is in the face of this momentous decision that the Blundell group have attempted – understandably enough, if misguidedly – to write into the constitution total security of existing land tenure. As the full effect of the new agreement is appreciated, the leaders of both the Africans and the settlers will have to face a great many awkward and practical consequences of their bold decision; but, if they continue to negotiate in Nairobi with the same constructive purpose as they have shown in London, there is every reason to hope that the racialists on both sides in Kenya will gradually become polarised and isolated. It is important to recognise the magnitude of the concessions which both sides have made. The Africans have given up their claims to adult suffrage and responsible government this year. They have conceded, with evident misgivings, reserved seats for the minorities and the retention of national members elected by the Legislative Council. The Europeans have given up their claim (which was supported by Professor McKenzie) for a highly qualified franchise, which would have left a substantial number of seats to be elected on a so-called common roll which would in fact have been dominated by the Europeans. They have conceded majority African representation, both in the Legislative Council and in the government, and a genuine if qualified common roll. The settlement is essentially temporary. It is designed to bridge the gap from the European domination of today to the African democracy which now lies just ahead. The next task is to convince the people of Kenya of the dangers of a return to intransigence and racialism. Both sides will be under heavy pressure from their extremists.

The Cost of Five Per Cent

Mr Thorneycroft's attack on 'the surrender to blackmail' will no doubt be followed by the *Economist's* angry protests against buying industrial peace at the cost of inflation. In fact, the government would be well advised to carry the cost of the increased wages, at least while the hope remains that modernisation of the railways (together, perhaps, with increased taxes on road transport) will eventually permit a balancing of the account. To charge higher fares now would make things worse by increasing the pressure for higher wages and prices as well as diverting more people and goods from rail to road. On any objective test, it is not the railways which are subsidised, but road transport. The cost to the community of the overloading of the road system in terms of actual cash – apart from frayed nerves – is a multiple of the deficit of the railways. Unfortunately, this does not emerge as a neat and well defined sum to be quoted in parliamentary answers. It is taken in increased petrol consumption; in wasted time, wages and depreciation; in increased rates and taxes to pay for the police on traffic duty (doing the job of the signalmen on the railways), for the ambulances and hospitals caring for the victims, and for the endless investment in road widening, town replanning and new motor roads. That all this adds up to hundreds of millions, no one can doubt. Nor can anyone doubt that, if all 'unprofitable' railway lines were in fact closed down, and 'unprofitable' new undergrounds not built, the cost of the chaos on the roads would further increase by more hundreds of millions. All this seems to be taken by Mr Thorneycroft and his friends as a turn of fate to which we are condemned without escape. There are signs, however, that most Conservative opinion is beginning to understand that a modern railway service is essential and may have to be paid for out of public funds.

A Recruit for Monckton

The acceptance by Mr Wellington Chirwa of a position on the Monckton Commission represents a very minor triumph for the supporters of the Commission. Until three years ago, Mr Chirwa was the leading nationalist in Nyasaland. He was then expelled by the Nyasaland African Congress, not because of any tenderness towards the Federation, but because of his refusal, in the face of a Congress resolution, to resign as a member of the Federal Assembly. Only a few days ago Mr Chirwa returned from London stating that he had refused membership of the Monckton Commission until Dr Banda had been released. Now he has changed his mind, probably because of pressure on him by the older generation of nationalists and Asians, all of whom have some suspicions of Dr Banda's leadership. Mr Chirwa will have killed any lingering possibilities of his return to the nationalist fold by his action. His membership of the Commission may lead to some little division within African ranks, and even to the decision by a few more Africans to give evidence. But Mr Chirwa has no mass following and will certainly be repudiated violently by the African masses in Nyasaland.

Fiddle in the Air

The Labour Party seems to have let slip the occasion of Mr Sandys's Commons statement last Monday to probe his policy towards the aircraft industry. At present there is considerable obscurity about the details of the government's relations with the five major groups. The general decision to concentrate the industry is wise and should have been undertaken earlier: it may indeed be that the dispersal of effort is even now too great, and it would not be surprising if one of the new Big Five were to go under in the next few years. The remaining problem is how to finance the development of new types of aircraft. It is clear that the aircraft firms cannot profitably undertake for themselves the research and development which necessarily precede the introduction of a new plane of any considerable size; and the government has for some time past borne most of this cost, by one kind of subsidy or another, in the case of military aircraft. Now the same is to be done for the development of civil aircraft – by definition a purely commercial operation. So huge additional sums of public money are to be poured into these highly profitable private firms to keep their wares up to date and to bolster their takings. What return is there in this for the public? Inexplicably Mr Sandys was allowed to get away with this almost meaningless formula:

> Suitable arrangements will be made for the government to participate in the proceeds from sales. The manner in which these will be shared between the government and the firm will vary and will depend among other things upon the proportion of the risks borne by each.

But how can the 'proportion of the risks' be assessed? The whole business looks like an objectionable fiddle for the benefit of an already feather-bedded industry. At the very least the government should take an equity interest in the firms concerned, so that the return to the public would automatically be geared to a company's total profit.

A Victory For Lawlessness

The decision to withdraw the Danish ship *Inge Toft* from Port Said, where it has been refused permission to navigate the Suez Canal since May 1959, marks the failure of yet another Israeli attempt to break the Egyptian embargo on the transport of Israeli goods through the Canal. In this instance even a personal intervention by Mr Hammarskjold in Cairo failed to persuade the Egyptian government to modify its intransigent attitude. International opinion has grown so accustomed to Egyptian lawlessness in this respect that the withdrawal of the *Inge Toft* has provoked little comment. But it is well to remember that, by denying the passage of Israeli cargoes (let alone ships), Egypt has not only broken the terms of the 1888 Convention, and a specific ruling of the Security Council, but her own promises given at the UN. The attitude of Britain and the US is scarcely less honourable. Restrictions on Israeli ships and cargoes were repeatedly advanced by the British government as proof positive that Egypt could not be allowed in uninhibited possession of the Canal; but now that the ownership dispute is over, the argument about Israel's right of passage is conveniently forgotten. Britain and America are now helping to finance the enlargement of the Canal, thus endorsing Egyptian piracy. It would appear, therefore, that the arbitrary limitations imposed on Israel's export trade are to be regarded as permanent, however disgraceful, and are accepted as such by international opinion.

Contempt of Court

In England last year the High Court held that a newspaper might be committing contempt of court in merely reporting that a libel writ had been served. It has not yet been suggested, on the other hand, that it would be a contempt to report the arrest by the police, on their own responsibility, of a defendant who has not yet appeared before the magistrates; and in England this is frequently done, the report being sometimes accompanied by a photograph. In the Edinburgh Court of Session last week the *Daily Record* was fined £7,500 (and its acting editor £500) for reporting an arrest and publishing a photograph of the man arrested. The *gravamen* of this offence, as the court made clear, was the publication of the photograph, which might

have prejudiced the accused man's chances of being fairly identified by witnesses. Before it is assumed that a new threat to the freedom of the press has thus emerged, exposing us all to the danger of police action which no newspaper dare report, it has to be acknowledged that in cases where identity is not in dispute, as in the arrest of a well-known financier in connection with a much-publicised fraud, neither Scottish nor English law would attempt to stifle due publicity. But suppose that, in England, a defendant has been required by a magistrate's summons to appear in court two or three weeks hence, or that he has been arrested on a magistrate's warrant and is being held in police custody: is that not to be reported if his identity is in any doubt? These questions, like that of 'innocent dissemination' by newsagents, are more urgent than anything dealt with in the bill which the government are currently taking over from Lord Shawcross.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Love Dissembled

In the publishing trade this season, the life expectancy of presidential candidates is high, which is to say that practically every week one expects a new Life to turn up in the bookstores. Eight of these biographies have already appeared, including an omnibus on the entire batch of hopefuls, and several more are still in progress. The least that can be said for this outpouring is that in an age of television, high-pressure publicity, and the quick build-up, it is reassuring to discover that some faith remains in that grand old-fashioned medium, the book.

Campaign biographies are an odd form of literature, and considering the handicaps under which they are usually written, it is remarkable that any of them turn out to be as good as James MacGregor Burns's *John Kennedy*, easily the best of the current crop. Chief among these handicaps is the simple fact that a President's early years are seldom the stuff of drama or even a source of great interest – in themselves and apart from the light they throw on his future greatness, which is unpredictable, of course, at the time. Even Lincoln's life as a prairie politician, absorbing as it now is, would have made only minor reading had he finished out his days no more than a Springfield lawyer and one-term Congressman. Significantly, the one Lincoln study by an outstanding writer that is totally forgotten is the campaign biography done for him by William Dean Howells, who had to turn elsewhere for the material on which he built his reputation. An even greater writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, owed even less of his eminence to the campaign job he did for Franklin Pierce, who could hardly compete with sin as a source of inspiration. When Pierce won, Hawthorne got his appropriately drab reward in the form of a consular post in Liverpool.

Besides having to abandon his subject at the second-act curtain, as it were, the campaign biographer faces another formidable obstacle. He has to have his book ready by Convention time, or well before it, if it is to be of use. But at any moment fate can step in and eliminate his man from the running, thus immediately sending the freshly finished work to the pulp mill or the dusty shelves of second-hand bookstores. Stewart Alsop came close to experiencing just such a disaster when Nelson Rockefeller withdrew from the race a few weeks before Alsop brought out his *Nixon and Rockefeller: A Double Portrait*. The Nixon half has partly salvaged the book, but at that it must compete with Earl Mazo's authorized biography, William Costello's unauthorized – and as far as Nixon is concerned, totally unappreciated – work called *The Facts About Nixon*, and two studies of the Vice-President contained in *Candidates 1960*, edited by Eric Sevareid – which plays it safe by offering a crisp assortment of pieces on all the candidates by a variety of writers.

Most of this year's campaign biographies, including Mazo's *Nixon*, are more subtle and balanced than the classic Life in which the hero's virtue bubbles up when he is still in the cradle and mounts steadily through a boyhood of industriousness and filial devotion, a youth of ambition, courage, and clean living, and a manhood of patriotism, piety, and good works. Of the current opera only those on Senator Stuart Symington and Governor G. Mennen Williams are even approximately in this mould. The others offer their heroes with at least some of the warts showing, and when we get to Professor Burns's book on Kennedy, we have so forthright and sensitive an evaluation that, although the balance is clearly in Kennedy's favour, the Senator himself is known to take a cool and edgy attitude toward the work.

Much as one might wish that Burns has set a new style for the *genre*, there is little reason to suppose that he has. In the first place not many men of his scholarly approach and conscientious detachment undertake to catch a political bird on the wing. And the candidates themselves, while they might actually benefit by encouraging such honesty, are more inclined to raise the old and understandable question:

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But – why did you kick me downstairs?

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

The Diplomatic Mushroom

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The explosion of France's first nuclear device may create as many diplomatic problems for the government as it resolves. The present climate of passionate nationalism in Africa is bound to attribute any natural calamity – of disease or weather – to the side-effects of the explosion, and so will increase the hatred of France, in both black and Arab Africa, which the Algerian War has already provoked. Even in some non-African countries, such as Sweden, cordons of police were required to protect the French embassy last week-end. General de Gaulle has defied a United Nations resolution, and he must not be surprised if he is now accused of sabotaging the negotiations for a ban on tests. After a brief spell of enthusiasm, even the Paris press now admits that the French test is unlikely to persuade America to share her nuclear secrets with France, and that General de Gaulle has not yet earned his right to join the 'club' discussions at Geneva.

At the same time, the success of the test gives an indication of the pace of scientific progress in recent years. French physicists, unlike their opposite numbers in Britain, played no part in the US nuclear effort during the Second World War, and had therefore to start virtually from scratch. The French Atomic Energy Commission was created by Frederich Joliot-Curie who, together with his principal aides, held extreme left-wing – and therefore suspect – views. A large number of French scientists – including the best – were thus excluded from the military project, while many others refused to take part on the grounds that it was of no real scientific interest. It is no exaggeration to say that the project's team, assembled by M. Jacques Robert (who occupies a relatively humble position on the Commission), is very much the second eleven of French physics. Nevertheless, it succeeded – indicating that neither the best scientific brains nor a vast industrial base are now required to make the bomb. This fact will not go unnoticed by other, smaller countries, itching to get their fingers on the button.

Why, then, the frenzied *Hurrahs* from the Elysée? They have found little echo among ordinary Frenchmen. True, most of these believe France should be eligible for the 'club', but they are inclined to ask whether there isn't a better way of forcing an entry. De Gaulle, of course, can extract some advantage from the explosion. The army, which has never really got over the inferiority complex it acquired in 1940, will take heart. The officer corps, who will soon be able to convince themselves (if nobody else) that France has a 'nuclear striking force', should in all logic become less opposed to a negotiated settlement in Algeria. For after all, they will argue, nobody can accuse a nuclear power of dishonourable surrender if it concludes a cease-fire with rebels armed only with conventional weapons.

This, at any rate, is the current talking-point in Paris, where it is becoming increasingly plain that the 'purge' of the extremists in Algiers does not go deep enough to rule out a further resort to violence. Despite the arrest of most of the extremist leaders, anti-Gaullist leaflets have again been circulated in Algiers, calling on the European population to revolt. Nor, it is felt, will the transfer of a few generals and colonels from Algeria be enough to ensure the army's loyalty for the future. If the war drags on, a new clash seems only too likely.

Hence, in Paris, all eyes are on the FLN leaders. If M. Ferhat Abbas were to come to Paris this week, Algiers could still be held down; but in a few months' time, who can say? Is the FLN willing to take this chance to open negotiations on self-determination? Opinion among its leaders is still divided. The Algerian nationalists have very good historical reasons for questioning French good faith, and they can point out, reasonably, that if they had accepted General de Gaulle's offer to talk last September, the guarantees he held out would have been worthless, since it has now been shown that he was not in control of the army and the administration in Algeria. For the moment, all seems well; but how long will the writ of Paris continue to run in Algiers? This, however, is precisely the reason which some FLN leaders advance for acting now; by signing a cease-fire, they argue, while the government is still in control, they will make it impossible for the extremist coalition to re-form, by ending the violence on which it flourishes. Whichever point of view carries the day, it is plain that the FLN response must come soon; when it does, it will be an event of far greater importance to France that the Reggan explosion.

Westminster

While the Cat's Away

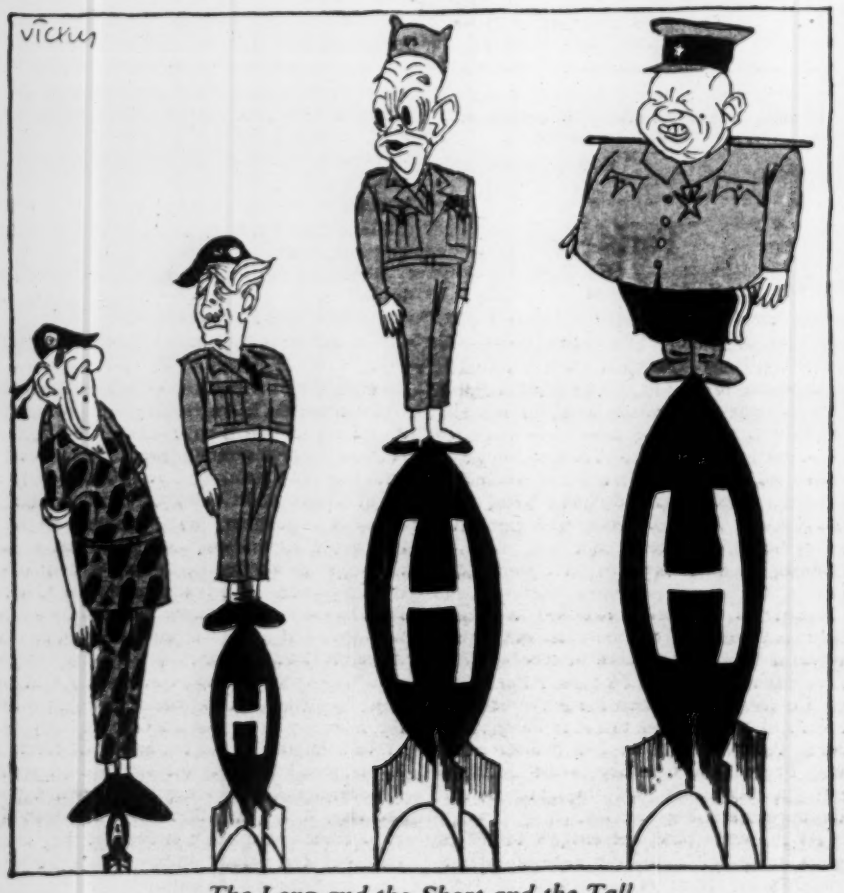
The Prime Minister came back from Africa this week to find that the party which he had left so fresh-skinned and apparently contented has come out in spots. Mr Peter Thorneycroft is flushing feverishly about the interim railway settlement and attracting the support, whether he wants it or not, of Mr Gerald Nabarro. There is a newly formed group, no doubt with an open telephone line to Lord Hinchingbrooke, whose temperature rises at the thought of conceding even another square foot on the Cyprus bases. There is Sir Charles Taylor trying to restore the old Tory image with his motion to bring back flogging, a motion which Mr Deedes and other new-look Tories are trying to disarm. There are in fact several symptoms of what any party manager would choose to regard as a serious ailment, and the prospect of watching Macmillan apply his bed-side manner to them added to the interest of his first appearance in the House after his journeys.

This first appearance was not spectacular. He could have expected a loud welcome when he made his entrance, but the House was half-distracted, in running protests first against the length of the supplementary questions and then against the length of the supplementary answers which were being given that afternoon. He could have expected another cheer when he rose to answer his first question; but Mr Stonehouse, who asked that question, automatically called 'Number 45, sir', and the House was too busy reminding him that, for the first time in history, Prime Minister's questions had been put forward to number 40. And by the time Macmillan rose, after questions, to make the formal statement on his tour, the House had little taste for a third bite at the cherry. None the less his performance was masterly.

When not in action he had sat huddled, as if against the cold, on the Treasury bench, so intent on his brief that for a minute or so he failed to notice that Sir Winston Churchill was trying to catch his eye from the other side of the gangway. When at last he looked up, the pair bowed to each other and the Prime Minister's face lit momentarily with schoolboyish pleasure, then relapsed into impassiveness. But on his feet he was in complete control. Obviously aware of the cross-currents, he rode them with the skill of an expert water skier. He remained vague when pressed for more detailed commitment, about the release of Dr Banda, for example, or about the pronouncements of Sir Edgar Whitehead. 'I don't pose as an expert', he said. 'I don't propose to write a book, even if I can find a publisher'; and with such good humoured evasions he rode gaily on. This 'unflappable' technique has often infuriated the Opposition. So often when he uses it, the Prime Minister seems to be enjoying a light hearted parliamentary game when he should be dealing seriously with serious subjects. Yet despite it, and largely because of his Cape Town speech, he has now convinced a large section of the Opposition of his sincerity: 'A jolly good speech,' said Mr Marcus Lipton on Tuesday; and this was echoed first by Mr Sidney Silverman and rather later by Mr Hugh Gaitskell, which seems a considerable cross-section of the Labour Party.

If Macmillan can so disarm the Opposition on Africa, at least temporarily, there is little doubt that he will be able to disarm Mr Thorneycroft and the other dissidents in his own party. Indeed, Thorneycroft, once the party's bright young Nöel Coward, is rapidly becoming its ageing, and inadequately informed, Cassandra, who was generally reckoned a prize bore even though right – and there is some evidence that Thorneycroft was wrong two years ago and is likely to be wrong again.

J. P. W. Mallalieu



The Long and the Short and the Tall

Science

The Sculpture of Life

Nigel Calder writes: Watch this space. The editor has asked for a regular column from another world. At any rate, I find it is generally felt to be another world, where settees are made of atoms, where plants grow by a subtle combination of H_2O, CO_2 and electromagnetic energy, where sensibility is replaced by electric pulses in certain tissues and where the lives and words of modern earthmen are seen to be transient bubbles in the ocean of space, time and life.

But really the scientist is less like a Martian than a dustman of the mind. We suffer him to take charge of ideas and ideals, on the understanding that if we have discarded anything of value he will polish it and return it to us. Lucretius sang of the shapes of atoms, variegated but not infinite in possibility, which determine the shapes and textures of different substances. The modern scientist substitutes groups of Daltonian atoms – molecules and crystals – for the atoms of Lucretius, and finds good sense here. Bricks and bullion and blood corpuscles behave differently because the physical forms of their molecules or crystals differ.

In trying to understand how life happens, it now begins to look as if shape is the key, in more senses than one. I do not mean only the full-scale shapes of organisms, but the shapes of the large and small biological molecules within our bodies. Here, in the 'stereochemical' three-dimensional arrangements of atoms, are sub-microscopic locks and keys which, by virtue of their curious shapes, enable life to proceed and to reproduce; and they determine the kind of organism and sort of people we are. If they are misshapen, the locks jam and we sicken or die. What we transmit to our children in our genes is chemical sculpture, which is itself a sculptor, able to marshal atoms and arrange them in the exquisite patterns of new life.

A sign of the times: the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, in Rutherford's day the world centre of nuclear research, now offers as its most significant work the study of the shapes of complex biological materials, by physical means. The Medical Research Council's Molecular Biology Unit at the Cavendish, led by Dr Max Perutz, has just published in *Nature* accounts of important discoveries about protein.

It was in 1937 that Dr Perutz set out to determine the general shape of haemoglobin, the red blood protein which carries oxygen around the body. He has now succeeded, in what has proved to be one of the really monumental personal efforts in science. He has found a way of making protein crystals yield data on the distribution of their atoms, when X-rays are passed through them. But to convert the mountain of data into maps showing the actual shape of the haemoglobin molecule has demanded the use of a high-speed electronic computer (a nice example of convergence in science).

Each molecule of haemoglobin contains 10,000 atoms, and is roughly spherical in

shape. On closer examination this oxygen waggon is seen to consist of four chains of atoms. But the chains are crumpled, like soft wire crushed in the hand, to make pieces which fit together to form a globe – the globin protein. Each piece has a handy pocket turned outwards, and into these pockets fits the haem, the red chlorophyll-like substance that gently takes hold of the oxygen we inhale and releases it in our brains or our toes.

The really remarkable thing is that the twisted shape of the globin of Perutz's haemoglobin (he got it from a horse) is no casual crumpling: the shape is almost exactly the same as that of another protein, actually derived from a whale – myoglobin, the stuff that makes red meat red. Now although the myoglobin's redness is due to the same haem molecule, the globin is chemically very different from that of haemoglobin. And yet – the shape is the same. These shaping fantasies apprehend more than cool reason yet comprehends. This is discovery at its sweetest.

The work goes on. Myoglobin is a quarter of the size of haemoglobin and therefore easier: Dr J. C. Kendrew's team at the Cavendish found its outline two years ago. Now they have probed deeper and proved that within the bent chains the atoms arrange themselves in a convoluted, helical fashion in just the same way as do the atoms in a protein of hair. And they have shown that they can identify very many of the individual atoms in the molecule, in their places, a job that would take chemists a lifetime.

What does the Cambridge achievement mean? Nothing very definite or practical as yet; simply that we are on the very brink of understanding how the fact that atoms (and the electrons that bind them) occupy space leads on to the stable geometrical configurations that make us what we are. I will stick my neck out and say that this brings us much nearer than the scientists themselves will yet admit to the cracking of the sculptural-chemical code of heredity. And that will be just about the greatest discovery science ever has or ever could make.

The High Cost of Suicide

BURIED in the mass of verbiage and irrelevant detail in this week's Defence White Paper are two solitary nuggets of real information. The first, in Paragraph 36, states:

> The development of the British ballistic missile Blue Streak is continuing. However, it may be decided not to rely exclusively on fixed-site missiles as the successor to the medium bomber armed with the stand-off powered bomb. Therefore the possibilities of mobile launchers, whether aircraft or submarines, for long-range delivery of nuclear warheads are being investigated.

The second, in Paragraph 52, bluntly admits that defence costs are up £115.7m on last year. The two items are intimately connected: indeed, from one point of view, they amount to the same thing – the final scrapping of Mr Sandys's new-look defence policy. This policy, conceived in the gloomy days of the Suez hangover, had one paramount object: to pin down British defence spending at the £1,500m-a-year mark. To do this, without at the same time making it obvious to friend and foe alike that Britain was unilaterally disarming, Messrs Sandys and Macmillan decided to cut down sharply on conventional forces, to scrap projected replacements for manned bombers, and to put our money on megaton weapons delivered by ballistic rockets. By these means, we would obtain a theoretical increase in fire-power for the same amount of cash.

From a military point of view, the new policy made no sense at all, for it plainly could not provide us with forces of the type required for the kind of war we were likely to fight; moreover, as Mr Anthony Head showed in the House of Commons, the manpower figures on which it was based were fraudulent. Politically, the policy was unsound, because it left us no middle ground between ignominious surrender and nuclear devastation (against which it provided no defence, either civil or military). The policy, in short, stood or fell on its financial basis.

Unfortunately, this basis too was eroded because Mr Sandys was unable, when it came to the point, to push the policy through with the ruthlessness which alone gave it a chance of stabilising expenditure. First, he was obliged by Nato pressure to keep 55,000 (instead of 45,000) men in West Germany and to abandon his plan to withdraw the Tactical Air Force. Next, much against his will, a new manned-bomber replacement – the TSR2, camouflaged as a replacement for the Canberra, but in reality the successor to the V-bombers – was slung like an albatross round his neck. Bit by bit, the chunks of fat he had sliced off our conventional forces were lovingly restored by the brass-hats, egged on by a howling pack of right-wing leader-writers and Tory backbenchers. To be sure, his policy was not emasculated to the point where it could provide us conventional forces which can actually fight a battle: as Mr Wigg revealed in the Commons last week, we now have only 17 infantry battalions in West Germany, all below standard, and many of which cannot even move their own baggage. But the amendments did make it impossible to hold the £1,500m-a-year ceiling. The consequence is Paragraph 52. We must now find another £115m this year, with the certain prospect of further (and probably bigger) rises in the years to come.

Moreover, the Sandys policy collapsed on another point. Its strategic weapons planning was based on the assumption that Britain could buy great-power status by creating a single weapons system – the fixed missile with megaton warheads. Post-war experience should have made it plain that any such assumption was tendentious, to put it mildly. But since 1957, the flounderings of the US Administration, juggling acrimoniously with five or six competing weapons systems (on a defence budget ten times our own) have hammered the point home. The plain fact is that a great power must nowadays take out a five or six-fold insurance policy in weapons development: and Britain can afford only one.

Tragically, the lesson has not yet been learnt, as paragraph 36 shows. It admits that we cannot take the risk of putting all our money on the Blue Streak (it could hardly do less, for by the standards of the US Minuteman and the Soviet solid-fuelled T3, both of which will become operational before our own, the Blue Streak is obsolete). It therefore adds that we must also develop rocket-carrying submarines and supersonic aircraft equipped with rocket-propelled bombs. We are thus, in theory, committed to at least three weapons-systems (four if we count the TSR2). I say in theory, because it is mathematically obvious that, unless the present defence budget is virtually doubled, none of these systems will ever reach the operational stage. What in fact will happen is that we shall go on spending £500m a year on a magpie's nest of hardware, no single item of which will ever be capable of firing a shot in anger. Meanwhile, our V-bomber force, which has the solitary virtue that it actually exists, will pass speedily into obsolescence. At present, its 200 bombers could deliver perhaps ten megaton weapons on Soviet territory. By next year, the number will have dwindled by half – indeed, it is possible that by this date the Russians will have an operational anti-missile system, which will reduce the V-bomber to the operational status of a Gloster Gladiator. Certainly by 1963, Britain will have ceased to be a nuclear power: the phase of glory will have lasted less than a decade, but the bills, it seems, will go on for ever.

The ludicrous nature of Britain's Defence policy can best be seen by a glance at its *reductio ad absurdum* in France. During the next few years, France will spend some £2-3,000m on her strategic weapons programme. At the end of this period (around 1965-66), she will have a stockpile of about 100 heavy, low-yield A-bombs, no transportable H-bombs, no nuclear warheads, and some 50 Mach 2 bombers. It is most unlikely that at any time during this period will she be able to deliver a single nuclear bomb on Soviet territory. Britain's position is slightly less absurd, but not much. It is true, of course, that both these powers will be able to rain destruction, in ever growing quantities, on recalcitrant colonies; but they can do this without going to the expense of manufacturing nuclear weapons. Moreover, the ability to murder Africans is not a criterion of great-power status.

Britain and France, in fact, are playing the roles of Becky Sharp and Colonel Crawley: they are trying to keep a carriage without paying their grocer. But their richer neighbours are feeling the pinch too. The cost of mutual suicide continues to rise. In America, President Eisenhower, confronted with data on America's lagging defence effort supplied by his own subordinates, has finally been forced to admit that the determining factor in his defence policy is financial. He has stated plainly that he is not going to risk jeopardising US economic stability by accepting a higher level of spending which, in strict military terms, may be sound. Hence he has slashed the B70 bomber and refused to increase missile spending. The richest country in the world has admitted that it can no longer afford to pay for the standard of firepower which its military advisers regard as minimal.

This is a major admission, which has caused great anguish among the Joseph Alsops. But there are signs that Mr Khrushchev is coming to the same conclusion. A vital part of the evidence on which Eisenhower bases his present spending level is that Soviet missile production lines are working at well below capacity: evidently, somebody in Russia is counting the kopeks too. This theory has now received massive endorsement by the gigantic cuts in manpower and conventional forces announced at the recent Supreme Soviet. Russian military policy has always, in the past, centred round a vast, ill-paid, ill-equipped standing army. The post-war rise in manpower costs, and still more in the cost of conventional equipment, has now made the burden insuperable. Hence 1,200,000

men – including the staggering figure of 250,000 officers – have been slashed; and, however much the Soviet staff may cut down on the 'tail' and second-grade units stationed in metropolitan Russia, these cuts are bound to be reflected in diminished fighting-power of operational units. Indeed, the vast 'educational' programme launched in the forces, and the spectacle of Marshal Malinovsky stumping the country to 'explain' the new policy to outraged brass-hats, show that the new policy is being put through in the teeth of professional opposition. The fact is that Mr Krushchev needs the extra manpower to carry through his 'living standards' race. So Britain, then America and now finally Russia, have been forced to agree that, in the last resort, the economy must come before defence.

It is unlikely that governments on either side of the Iron Curtain have grasped the full implications of this momentous revolution. Though they have, in practice, been forced to place a financial ceiling on defence spending, it still continues at a ruinously high rate and, of course, presents the world with the constant risk of physical collision. How can the great powers be made to repeat publicly their private admission that great power status can be bought too dear? How can tacit, unilateral disarmament be transformed into public, multilateral disarmament? This is the great, overriding problem of the next few years.

Certainly, at the present level of suspicion, it would be Utopian to hope for a comprehensive, controlled disarmament agreement. But a test-ban agreement would be an enormous step forward. It would have the welcome side-effect of confining radiation hazard to its current dimensions. But, much more important, it would place an ever-tightening strait-jacket on the arms-race. Already, the voluntary ban on tests has led to a log-jam in research projects; the Americans, for instance, have nearly a dozen different devices waiting to be tested – hence the anger and frustration of the Teller gang in Washington. Were a permanent, enforceable ban to be agreed, the arms race would grind gradually to a standstill. And after a time, its principal dynamic – the fear on both sides that the other is on the threshold of a war-winning technological breakthrough – would disappear. In this way – and probably in this way only – suspicion would die, and so the road to genuine disarmament, and with it a political settlement, would be opened.

PAUL JOHNSON

The First Seven Months

WHEN Sir William Goode, Singapore's last Governor, made his symbolic journey from the House on the hill to the peoples' City Hall last June, to see Lee Kuan Yew and his Cabinet sworn in after the PAP's 43 to eight election victory, Singapore, fifth largest port in the world, was doing trade at the rate of nearly £1,000m a year, handling 4½ million tons of shipping.

With an annual national income of more than £200m (£50m from the British armed forces), Singapore's population of a million and a half collectively continued to claim the highest standard of living in Asia. The millionaires' clubs flourished. Singapore also faced a budget deficit of close on £2m, had 40,000 workless and underemployed, and a Chicago-like secret society protection racket, unequalled anywhere in the Orient. Bicycle-chain attacks, acid throwing, kidnapping and stabbings were daily occurrences.

Within seven months, the Socialist PAP has restored confidence among the capitalists who had been frightened at the threat of a PAP government (Shell have decided to invest £5m in a new oil refinery), turned the deficit into a surplus by slashing salaries of the well-paid civil service, and given the police Fascist-like powers to smash secret societies. Nearly 1,000 gangsters surrendered and told all. A hundred more were later arrested. Not the least of the PAP government's achievements has been the banning of juke boxes, and the partial elimination of the pimps who prospered on prostitution. American, British, and Malayan 'girlie' publications were banned: so were 'yellow culture' records. By equipping the Shariah Court, set up to administer the Muslim law of marriage, with teeth to enforce its rulings, Muslim marriages have been to some degree stabilized. In 1957 there were 2,303 easy weddings and 1,192 easy divorces, which caused a lot of hardship among a number of young girls, for the Malays marry young. In 1959 the figures had been reduced to 1,953 marriages and 719 divorces.

In brief, the PAP government, while making popular gestures, has been concentrating seriously upon maintaining the best climate for business. There was never any intention to experiment with Socialism at this stage. Socialism, they said, before and during the elections, must wait until Singapore becomes part of the Federation of Malaya. This, the PAP is willing to admit, may not happen for quite a long time.

Meanwhile, Singapore's unemployment problem has increased. No one knows how many are workless or underemployed: the figure may be getting on for 50,000. To attract capital, Mr Kenny Byrne, Minister for Labour and Law, has reorganized the entire trade union movement and set up an industrial court to ensure industrial peace. Employer-workers' agreements must be for a minimum of two years and are enforceable.

Oddly enough, the government seems content to leave the question of Singapore's soaring birth-rate to the privately organized Family Planning Association, to which it makes an annual donation. Singapore's birth-rate is among the highest in the world. Half the population is under 18. Soon, the schools will be throwing another 30,000 each year on to the labour market. Yet this rapid population growth (there will be two million Singaporeans in five years' time), in this crowded small city-state, which has no raw materials, is the root of all subsequent problems of housing, schooling, medical facilities, traffic – and jobs. Lee Kuan Yew, the Premier, does not believe Singapore can solve the unemployment problem. Industrialisation will provide some jobs but the surplus population, he feels, must emigrate.

On 3 December last, the Queen appointed 49 year-old former journalist Enche Yusof bin Ishak to be Yang di-Pertuan Negara (Head of State); and after 140 years of colonialism Singapore that day became a self-governing state, foreign affairs and defence remaining Britain's concern. Thousands of children sang the newly-composed state anthem (*Prosperity to Singapore*), and the guns boomed while the brand-new flag was hoisted. Where do we go from here? Lee Kuan Yew asked the question of the multitude gathered on the historic padang, scene of many past cricket matches and rugger games. Independence, of course, was the next logical step, but how? Lee admits the island could not be independent by itself: it would quickly be reduced to a vassal by some other bigger or more powerful state. Obviously the solution was for Singapore to merge with the Federation as a constituent state.

At present, the Federation will have none of this. Does this mean Singapore is to become another Hongkong? Or an Aden? Is Singapore destined to remain a British base for ever? Lee could find no answers to these questions, and he felt it was idle to speculate. Better to live in the present while the future sorts itself out. While Malay suspicion exists, Singapore will have to occupy the nationalistically unenviable position of having, for defence and financial reasons, to put up with the prospect of continuing indefinitely as the pivot of western defence in South-East Asia. Mr Lee and his friends may not like this, but there is nothing they can do about it. In the prevailing circumstances they are glad to get the British taxpayers' £50 m, and the protection of the British navy. All the PAP, unable to practise economic Socialism, can do while waiting for the future to sort itself out, is to govern wisely, keep trade moving, try to build up a Malayan consciousness, and go ahead with as much social planning as possible.

ALEX JOSEY

Singapore

London Diary

I GUESS that Mr Gaitskell has made enough genuflections to Socialism in his speech at the week-end to defeat his critics. It was part of his tactics to suggest that Harold Wilson, as well as Michael Foot and the Victory for Socialist group, was challenging his leadership. Harold, of course, is doing nothing of the kind; like all fly politicians he knows that with Nye Bevan ill no alternative leader is available. Gaitskell reiterated his belief in public ownership, including steel and municipal housing and all the programme of the last election, which really made nonsense of Crosland's campaign and Jay's kite in *Forward* – which everyone believed to have represented Gaitskell's real view. Since public memory is short, he may get away with talking as if this controversy had been thrust upon him; at any rate it would be tactful to leave off talking of him as the 'splitter', Clause Four, which has become nothing but a point of prestige, is again due for discussion on 16 March; the controversy was put off because of Nye Bevan's illness at the last meeting of the Executive. If it is postponed again, it will not be clarified as an issue for the Annual Conference this autumn. I suspect that Mr Gaitskell will suggest some very general clause about equality and brotherly love to take the place of the broad promise of public ownership. Controversy will then rage. Harold Wilson is quite right to talk about theology. I foresee arguments as complex and damaging to Labour as 16th century arguments about transubstantiation and consubstantiation were to the Church. Perhaps the simplest way out would be the papal way; why not declare that Mr Gaitskell is to be infallible?

Mr Greene pulled off a remarkable feat of brinkmanship last week; it was indeed the 59th minute of the eleventh hour before the government made a decision that it could reasonably have made months before. I hope we don't again get so close to the brink. For this strike would have been almost as catastrophic as the general strike of 1926. As long as it was only threatened, people could remember that the railwaymen were shockingly under-paid, and be cross with the government and the Guillebaud Committee. If the strike had actually come, the same sympathisers would have seen the stoppage as a threat to the sanctity of agreements, and a challenge to constitutional government. They would have gritted their teeth and cursed as they walked to work; and there would have been clashes. Then the strike leaders would have had to choose between accepting a settlement that would have looked like a sell-out and adopting the strange and absurd role of revolutionaries – which they could not be or want to be. That is what happened in 1926. Because the TU leaders were not prepared to try to take over the task of organising and feeding the country, their bluff was called, and the movement decided that it had been betrayed. The weapon they used was too big for its purpose. A similar tragedy could follow a big-scale transport strike today.

* * *

Only a tiny proportion of the British public can have learnt from the press that on Monday night the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign held two packed and enthusiastic meetings in the Central Hall and the Caxton Hall. The *News Chronicle* gave a good report; *The Times* just mentioned it; I could find no reference in the *Guardian* and very little in any other paper. There is something very odd about a press policy which ignores an important occasion at which speakers as well known as Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley discuss the chances of avoiding world suicide, while front-page headlines are given to a few zealots who succeed in getting themselves arrested.

* * *

No one, these days, believes that a nation can be compelled to change its policy by a threat of boycott. That illusion did not survive the arguments about League sanctions. The proposed month's boycott of South African goods, accepted by the Labour movement and widely supported, is a gesture of solidarity with Africans, to whom we surely owe all aid short of war. Letters reach me from people of European stock in South Africa – a perfect example appears in our correspondence column this week – praising *apartheid* as if it really meant a division of the country into independent white and black areas. That would be a natural, if immoral, policy. But it is not what *apartheid* is, and it is blatant hypocrisy to pretend that it is the South African idea. Verwoerd's concept is Hitler's, but less honest. Hitler said that the Jews and the Slavs and the rest were *untermenschen*, born to be slaves of the superior Nordics. The South Africans deliberately prevent *apartheid*, since that would mean that they had no slaves to work for them. You might just as well say that before the Civil War, the American South believed in *apartheid* because at night the Negro slaves were locked in barracks away from the whites for whom they worked. The taxes and pass-laws and rigid police rules under which Africans live in South Africa, and by which they are compelled to work for Europeans, are the precise modern equivalent of the chains and dogs which once maintained American slavery.

* * *

The death of Cardinal Stepinac brings back to my mind a conversation in November 1945. It was in Zagreb, where a party of about 20 MPs and journalists, of whom I was one, arrived unannounced. We were Tito's guests on our way to Belgrade. Our partisan pilot, unexpectedly prevented by fog from filling his tank at Frankfurt or Munich, had to land in the dark in Zagreb where there was then only a military airstrip. We were hospitably received by both the Croat administration and the British representative. A British official told us that a shocking incident had just taken place. Archbishop Stepinac, he said, had been killed by the Communist peasantry when he went to visit his archiepiscopal estates. He was known, of course, as a brave and stubborn opponent of the victorious Tito régime; he was particularly outspoken about the confiscation of Church property. Later in the day we learnt that the story of his death was greatly exaggerated: he had merely had stones thrown at him. In the evening we were given a party by the Prime Minister, Mr Bacaric, who made a further correction. The Archbishop had been pelted not with stones, but with eggs. 'Really, Prime Minister,' I said, 'This is too bad. Here is UNRRA doing its best to aid the hungry people of Yugoslavia by consignments of eggs, and all they can do with them is throw them at Archbishops.' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'It wasn't powdered eggs they threw'.

* * *

I wandered lonely as a cloud – in a stormy sky. That is to say, I had a care-free half an hour and there were a lot of people about. I decided to stand and stare in St Pauls which was nearby. I had never before paid much attention to the sculptured monuments that adorn its aisles. I found a chapel to Lord Kitchener commemorating his 'spirit of sacrifice', memorials to Gordon who 'saved an empire by his warlike genius', to the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore, and the heroes of the charge of the Light Brigade; to Nelson, Collingwood and Howe among the admirals; to Lawrence who died at Lucknow, to Roberts and, incongruously, to Reynolds and Turner, the greatest, I think, of English painters. So this, I was saying to myself, is the British Empire's pantheon. How strange it must seem to the Sudanese and Indians and other members of the Commonwealth who view our heroism and sacrifices from a different angle! And then suddenly I saw a magnificent, I suppose 20-foot high, statue of Christ in the undivided robe. It seemed in the wrong place.

I learnt that it is a replica of Epstein's Christ in Llandaff Cathedral, temporarily on loan to disguise a builders' blank screen. I feel I should start a campaign in the NEW STATESMAN to keep permanently at St Pauls the one notably religious object which gives an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise unconvincingly Christian fane.

* * *

John Freeman, who is deputy editor of this journal as well as an outstanding success as a TV personality, will be in sole charge during the next six weeks when the editor will be visiting Asian countries.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Union leaders said that a request for religious services at the pit bottom was refused by the board.

Mr Ned Smith, the divisional secretary, said last night: 'The board will not do anything to affect adversely the men's physical well-being, but it cannot condone or give encouragement to such a request.

'If a man wanted to worship, the board's view is that he should come up and go to church in the proper way.'–*News Chronicle*. (Peter H. Abrahams.)

Ross Parker, who wrote 'There'll Always Be An England,' is to become an American citizen.–*Daily Worker*. (Richard K. Bearne.)

Miss Annie Whitcombe, of Kateshill, Bewdley, Worcestershire, who was 102 yesterday, attributes her long life to 'simplicity and plenty of fresh air.' She listens regularly to the cricket scores on the radio.–*Guardian*. (S. Hannam.)

Is it not a little astounding that the Prime Minister should rebuke the South African Government for their apartheid policy–with which the vast majority of people in this country would be in agreement if they knew the facts–and yet not utter one bleat of protest at their plan to turn South Africa into a republic? Has he no concern for the future of his Queen, his country and his race?–Letter in *West Essex Gazette*. (C. S. Davies.)

Why is it that, in films, the hero never seems to get a trace of lipstick on him–even after the longest and most lingering kiss; yet my boy friend always gets covered with it? As I have not had this trouble with previous boy friends, should I change him?–Letter in *Woman's Own*. (A. M. Simpson.)

The New Radicalism

'How did Jack greet you?' asked one lawyer about another, now a senior executive on CBS. When I answered that he had been very friendly, my friend replied: 'That's fine, that shows that the situation has improved.' He explained that when he had telephoned the TV executive to congratulate him on his appointment in 1959, the mere mention of my name – we were all childhood friends – had virtually paralysed him with fright, the telephone dropping from his nerveless fingers.

It seems ludicrous now that my name should once have inspired fear and anxiety among some of my old friends, but the McCarthyites managed to surround it with a considerable notoriety between 1950 and 1954. During the initial phase of the McCarthy campaign, of course, the late Senator, supported by his fellow Republicans, attempted to demonstrate that the Democratic Administration of President Truman had 'lost' China to the Communists by tolerating a series of pro-Communist conspiracies by American liberals, radicals and Communists. Unfortunately for me, my name came up in the three cases on which McCarthy concentrated. Truman was accused of having 'whitewashed' the 1945 '*Amerasia* case' by allowing the editor of that left-wing monthly on Asia to plead guilty with his accomplice merely to a conspiracy to acquire government docu-

ments, and letting them off with fines, instead of prosecuting for alleged espionage. The Administration was also accused of having been advised by Professor Owen Lattimore. In addition, it was allegedly under the 'malevolent influence' of the Institute of Pacific Relations, a sister institute of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. I had worked briefly for the Institute of Pacific Relations pre-war, doing a little book on Indochina. And I had spent a weekend at Professor Lattimore's home outside Baltimore just before being arrested in June 1945 as the naval intelligence lieutenant in the '*Amerasia* case'. Although I was finally able to convince the prosecution that all I had shown the editor of *Amerasia* were draft chapters of my book *Dilemma in Japan*, the quiet quashing of the indictment did not offset the enormous publicity with which the headline-hungry FBI had arrested six of us. A denial, of course, can never catch up with a good story, and I had known that my family and friends went through a worrying time. It was good, therefore, to discover on a visit last autumn that they had all recovered from the McCarthy panic.

Although some people seem ready to duck again, there is no doubt that since the beginning of 1957, and particularly since the summer of 1959, American liberals and left-wingers have begun raising their heads again. Beginning last summer there appeared to be a general feeling among government and industrial leaders that, in the complicated atmosphere of today, they could no longer allow their choice of whom they met and whom they employed to be dictated by possible protests of 'guilt by association' from the lunatic-fringe Right. In this sense, President Eisenhower's willingness, on Mr Herter's advice, to invite Mr Krushchev to the United States was a public rejection of the gospel, so arduously spread by the McCarthyites in their heyday, that anyone who negotiated with Communist leaders was contaminated forever. Mr Krushchev's invitation was not the only symptom of this growing defiance of the extreme Right by conservative but aristocratic intellectuals like Mr Herter. The recall to Washington of Charles Bohlen from semi-exile as ambassador to the Philippines was one of a number of such challenges; Bohlen had been blacklisted because of his participation in the 'treachery of Yalta' by serving as Roosevelt's interpreter-adviser there.

Outside politics, the pressure against liberals and left-wingers has eased sufficiently to allow other outstanding talents to be used, in such sensitive areas as Hollywood, book-publishing and the universities. The recent decision of producer Otto Preminger to use openly in the filming of *Exodus* the talents of left-wing writer Dalton Trumbo virtually destroyed the blacklist which has existed in Hollywood for almost a dozen years. Trumbo was one of the 'Hollywood Ten' and was jailed for a year for refusing to testify on the political affiliations of himself and others. His comeback has been gradual; in recent years he has written scripts under other names. Embarrassingly one of these scripts won him an Oscar in 1956, which he could not claim without exposing the fraud under which Hollywood was using left-wing talents while appeasing the McCarthyites.

A similar revolt against conformist pressures took place last summer when Alfred Knopf announced that his publishing firm had taken on as a senior editor Angus Cameron, whose departure from Little Brown and Company in 1952 had been the greatest single victory gained by the McCarthyites in publishing. A brilliant editor and an extremely attractive person, Mr Cameron had never hidden his Marxist convictions nor exploited his editorial position. It was striking that when it was announced last June that Alfred Knopf would take him on as senior editor, Mr Knopf received congratulatory letters from a number of other publishers. Apart from their personal feelings toward Mr Cameron, they had concluded that publishing of a creative character could flourish only in an atmospbere of open and healthy controversy and would shrivel under the blanket of conformism. A similar incident last summer demonstrated the thaw in the universities. Dr Paul Sweezey, perhaps the leading American non-doctrinaire Marxist economist and co-editor of *Monthly Review*, had his first, albeit temporary, appointment at Cornell University, a decade after being frozen out as an instructor at Harvard.

In an even more sensitive area, Chinese studies, the University of Pennsylvania has taken on as an instructor in Chinese Mr A. Rickett, who was jailed by the Chinese Communists as a spy for US naval intelligence, a charge which he admitted was true. Moreover, when he and his wife were released, they were both regarded by most Americans as 'brain-washed', because they said they and the US government had been wrong and the Chinese Communists right and fair in jailing them. They later wrote a book which was both self-accusing and uncritical about the Peking authorities. One or two appointments of this sort does not mean that Chinese studies have been restored to their pre-1950 level. I found one of my own former teachers of Chinese pining away teaching mathematics in a Connecticut commercial college. What is happening is that particularly liberal or courageous heads of department are making appointments now which would have been disputed or rejected by their superiors a couple of years ago. Not only are the colleges responding to the decreased conformist pressure from the outside, but to the bubbling up of student non-conformity from within. After a period in which there was very little discussion in the universities, liberal and radical ideas are again being discussed. Campus publications are reprinting articles and editorials from liberal publications like the *Nation*. I myself found an immense difference between young college audiences, which were alert and eager, ready to grasp at new ideas, and middle-aged audiences in a fairly typical area like southern Ohio.

This does not mean that there is anything like the upsurge of liberal and left-wing views experienced in the Thirties when the reality of mass unemployment and the menace of Fascism abroad made the 'New Deal' and 'anti-Fascism' simple torches for any socially-conscious young person to carry. They have, in fact, quite a long distance to go before re-establishing many of the positions which students in the Thirties took for granted. During the past few months there has been a sporadic rash of student actions which appear to combine the nuclear pacifism which influences young English students and the anti-militarism fashionable on many American campuses in the Thirties. The student revolt against militarism, although speeded by the fear of wasting two young years in the armed forces, is part of a general counter-attack by the intellectuals against the conformity imposed during the McCarthyite years by the anti-intellectuals. That a specially rigorous loyalty oath be demanded of students was part of the general attitude of the McCarthyites that there had been a special 'treason of the intellectuals'. This anti-intellectual pressure had made itself felt not only in the field of strictly political conformity.

Intellectuals were told, in effect, that they should not have different ways of behaving from other folk. Like everything else in the United States the degree to which this applied varied enormously in differing parts of the country, the pressures being tougher in the smaller towns and in the more conservative parts of the country. Even in the New Deal hey-day in the Thirties, when there were enormous left-wing meetings in New York and Los Angeles, it was often pretty tough sledding for a small-town radical. During the height of the Cold War and McCarthyism one young Quaker couple I met had to move out of a fair-sized town in Wisconsin because the atmosphere was so poisonous.

Curiously enough, the 'eggheads', who suffered most from McCarthyism, which was a by-product of the Cold War, have gained considerably from Soviet missile successes. The basis of McCarthyism was a know-nothing chauvinism, the belief that America was best in everything and only a subversive or a foreigner would doubt this. The Soviet success not only destroyed this simple chauvinism, but subsequent investigation showed that it was based on wider and better education and a higher status for the intellectual and scientist. When even *Time* magazine reported that a distinctive part of the Soviet success was putting its intellectuals, and particularly scientists, on a pedestal, American intellectuals no longer felt they had to be half-ashamed of being a cut above and a cut different from their fellows.

ANDREW ROTH

NELSON

North England

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Who Has Not Seen Seville

ROBIN AND I sat in the damp room smelling of new concrete. We were waiting for a bed, a meal, assurance. Outside a tiny pig squealed in the evening shadows, the very pig I had foretold in one of my stories, changed from a wild boar which Ventura had fought with cloak and *muleta*, and which he used to let loose at night to frighten Patricia and me. Twenty-five years ago . . . . ghost of orange blossom and the green-gold trickle of the *Sevillanas;* the little girls bringing flowers in the morning; the bull fight machine, half bicycle, half beast, a product of Picasso; and the singing canaries hanging from the trees. In those days, from the window of our little Royal Pavilion, or from the table near the wild boar, we could see the elegant, enchanting finger of the Giralda, far away, pointing to the sky, the most exquisite building in the world, lighting the poet's candle in each Sevillian heart, high or low, light or heavy. Now it was hidden. A cliff of modern flats obscured the view, a star trembled over it, the pig squealed and the factory sirens wailed the night's repose.

'I'm sorry about this,' I said, 'but it was 25 years ago.'

Ventura was as gay as a devil. We hadn't got fat stomachs then. At carnival time we wore masks and marched down the Sinpes and everyone got out of the way. There were cake-fights. Cream-cakes, if you please, and real cream at that. Everyone spoke in high voices so as not to be recognised.'

'Arabs, I suppose,' said Robin.

'Something like that,' I said. 'I wore a Cordoba hat and we danced in the *Feria.* Patricia danced like a fairy; she had seized the mystery as easily as a child picks a daisy.'

Failure, that was it. A sort of failure that was like a chill in the bones. Even Ventura, with his rotting inn, the Royal Inn of Pilia, would not understand it. He had four children, very beautiful, very gay children; and the dusty, hidden interior of the establishment was a sort of chattering temple of fulfilment. At a glance, when we had met after those 25 years, our eyes had crossed with love, with unextinguished hope, with the utter carelessness of the early years of receiving. His body, once urgent and slim as a dancer, had become squat and squared, betrayed by demons of brutality and disillusion, but he had never lost his centre. There was not a diffuse gesture; he had not betrayed himself; he knew nothing of the off-roads, the signposts to lost lands. 'And Patricia?' he asked.

'She is just the same as ever,' I said.

'Do you still have canaries?' he said. 'Do you still eat oranges?'

'Yes,' I lied.

'We used to run four miles to the orange groves every morning in the spring,' he explained to Robin. 'We used to eat 60 oranges off the trees for five pesetas a go. Do you remember?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Anthony used to lift Patricia up to pick the oranges off the top of the trees. She was like a doll. They had the little Royal Pavilion. They just arrived here and Pilia and Pilin – they were my father and mother – couldn't send them away. In no time cupboards were being hammered up, the pavilion hummed with perfume and the canaries came in. Then there was that terrible horse which used to bring you home from the *Feria* – Anthony liked his drop; and the deaf coachman – Anthony used to drive the carriage up to the cathedral, and Patricia wore a green Sevillian dress with flowers in her hair . . . . '

The tiny Royal Pavilion stood there like a ruined poultry shed, and the piglet squealed around the tree. A man with a dim face peered out of a sort of dwelling-hut and emptied orange-peel on to the grey earth. The Royal Pavilion. 'In 1925', Pilin told Manuel Gandia who wrote about him in a series called *Humble Lives;* 'the Infante Don Carlos arrived at the inn and I was told to prepare a typical meal for His Majesty King Alfonso XIII. It was the greatest emotion of my life when I was called to the table by the Kaiser's nephew, Prince Hohenzollern, to answer a question about bulls. It occurred to me to offer the king a small pitcher of brandy as an act of homage . . . the king thanked me amid laughter.' From that moment the pavilion became royal, and the king used to use it for informal and discreet rendezvous. Then it was ours. Bad luck shadowed poor old Pilin, who was one of the best *banderilleros* in Spain and fought with Belmonte. He was badly wounded in Mexico, and later, after Patricia and I had left, he leant out of a bus and a passing lorry tore off one of his ears. 'At least I was left a head to tell the story,' said Pilin.

'I don't fight much now,' said Ventura. 'I get the occasional *corrida.*' The young shining cloak of success had been put away, the thunder of the bulls of destiny had become a whisper.

'Have some finches,' said Ventura, 'my wife's speciality. They come from Tavifa. Thousands of them were caught, trying to get to Africa.' He laughed, slapping the table. He shared the Spanish idea about birds. They were funny. They put them in tiny cages, shot at them, caught them with lime. We ate the finches, spitting out the bones. They were delicious.

'We've got a carriage outside,' I said to Ventura; 'let's go to town, like the old days.'

'I hardly ever leave the inn,' he said. 'I never go into Seville.' He pointed at his fat wife, the honest, eager eyes of his children blaming the rack and ruin of the bar, the sheathed sword.

'Come on,' I said.

We all piled into the carriage and, almost without thinking, I was sitting in the driver's seat holding the reins, and I looked back at the inn door expecting to see Patricia and Pilia and old Pilin and the drunken waiter who filled the king's glass standing there, waving. We crossed the copper river of Guadalquirir and on to the tram-lines, and the horse swerved like a snake. I had forgotten the art. Suddenly one of the wheels got jammed in a tram-line. The owner of the carriage got down and extracted a ruin of mangled rubber. We tried to laugh, but it didn't work; even the memories had gone sour. 'That'll be a 100 pesetas,' cried the carriage-driver, taking over the reins.

'Who has not seen Seville has seen no marvel. Was it my imagination that it had become like a huge, picturesque department store? The honeymoon gardens were overtended, the palaces polished until they shone. You had to buy a ticket to enter the cathedral. 'The house of God,' said Ventura, shrugging his shoulders.

'We'll go back to the inn,' said Robin, accepting a hand-out which said COME PATIO ANDALUZ GENUINE GYPSIE TYPICALS WITH HOT ANDALUZ SONGS AND DANCES. We returned to the inn, and there we were sitting in the terrible room smelling of wet cement, staring out of the door at the Christmas piglet. What were we doing there? What was going to happen? 'I'm sorry about this,' I whispered to Robin.

'That's all right. We'll just wait.' We waited, and then suddenly something happened. Or it happened to me. A canary began singing. The sound was not in the room, it was somewhere quite near.

'The canary,' I said.

'What canary?' said Robin.

'You don't hear it?' I said.

'Not a sound,' said Robin.

'It's all that sherry.' I got up and walked out of the room, round to the back. A few steps away stood the poor, dilapidated Royal Pavilion. The canary's song seemed to come from there. I opened the grumbling door and looked in. There was nothing there. There was not even a ghost, not even the king laughing at the pitcher of brandy, or good humble Pilin, Belmonte's *banderillero,* or the Infante Don Carlos, or the drunken waiter. Nothing and no one, not even a whisper of perfume. And suddenly it all came back. The golden tumbling days of the *Feria;* the holiday songs of Triana; the butcher; the baker, his cousin; his aunt, his grandmother; the fish leaping in the moonlight.

'We've got to go to Paris,' said Patricia, crying under the canary trees. 'We've got to go to Paris. It has happened,' It had happened. The rain fell all the way, the castles were hugged in mist, the blue roofs of Paris shone like fish, there and all the way back. Pilin was there waiting at the station, Patricia was crying, it was all over. One chapter was over. It was known. From then on, back gardens, and earnest friends with theories and back-gardens, and the black, enormous pram. Then, nothing. Nothing multiplied by nothing.

I walked back to the room, and sat down. 'I imagined it,' I said. 'It was the sherry.'' We waited, and we didn't know what we were waiting for. Then, gradually the door opened, and an enormous pair of horns emerged into the small room, they filled it with an ancient threat, a path of wounds, and a roar of death to trumpets. They advanced, and behind it we saw wheels and the frame of the Picasso bicycle; and then Ventura laughing, the old Ventura, gay as Easter Sunday. We ate dinner, we said goodbye. They stood waving at the door, Ventura, his wife and the dewy warren of children.

'Bring back Patricia,' said Ventura.

'I promise,' I said.

ANTHONY CARSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Only Connect – I

THE illustrations are Velasquez's *Las Meninas* and the first of Picasso's variations on it*. Let me make it quite clear, first, that I do not consider Picasso's version of the Velasquez a comparable masterpiece. Velasquez does himself full justice. Picasso does not. The comparison, which Picasso challenges us to make by the very act of painting this picture, is nevertheless a useful one. By making it we can distinguish more clearly between some of the different assumptions of the twentieth century and of the seventeenth century. Picasso may not do his own talent full justice in this work, but he is faithful to the basic principles of the new art which he has helped to create. Indeed, I think it has now become impossible for him to deny these principles.

Velasquez painted *Las Meninas* in 1656. The picture represents the painter himself at work, the Infanta, some ladies-in-waiting, a court dwarf, a dog, etc. Several ingenious theories have been worked out to explain where the King is (perhaps he is in the mirror on the far wall) and what has just happened in the room. These need not concern us now. The only important thing is to notice that very obviously something has just happened. We are very aware of the picture representing a single moment in time. Why? How is this connected with the way Velasquez sees what he has chosen to paint?

He paints the way the light falls, light that is the go-between of time and space. The forms that Velasquez paints are no longer the primary element of the picture, as they are in, say, Michelangelo. The space around them is now primary. The space has no longer been created for the figures. On the contrary it just happens that they are in it. Perspective is no longer a convenient man-centred device. It is a law that reduces people too. Velasquez now paints space with the same care with which an earlier Italian artist would have painted some classical architectural detail. In the same way the reflection of light from the surface of the forms has also become more important than the mechanics and poetry of their structure. The artist-as-player now plays upon a black and white keyboard; he no longer plucks the strings with his own fingers. It is this which makes Velasquez seem aloof, as also it makes his younger contemporary Vermeer. The same light falls on the dwarf and the Infanta, on silk and the iron hook. Velasquez registers no difference. But let us be clear: this 'indifference' represented an advance in knowledge and technique. It was the same 'indifference' that only a short time before had inspired Galileo and Kepler.

The differences that do obsess Velasquez are those which distinguish one moment from the next. In his art time presses as hard as space. All his later works describe one instant. And it is in this sense that one can first apply the epithet 'photographic'. The moment is made permanent. Something, as we noticed, has just happened. Something quite different is just about to happen. The very freezing of the moment implies the constant movement which the image artificially arrests to examine.

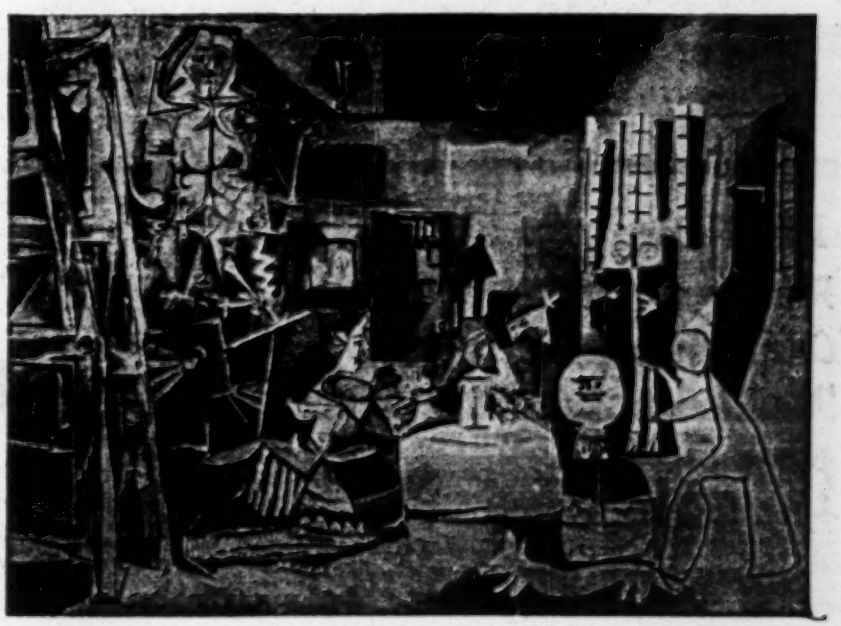
Nor do I use the word photographic purely metaphorically. The kind of tonality that Velasquez often employs to render complex forms (like the dwarf's face) is unlike anything else in painting until the discovery of the photograph two centuries later. *Las Meninas* is Velasquez's own highly original comment on the art of painting, and the whole composition of the picture emphasises an attitude to light that suggests the mechanism of the camera. The open door at the far end is like a shutter. The canvas is placed in relation to it like a photographic plate. An imaginary projection from the figure in the doorway via the figure of the artist himself to a figure that might be painted on the large canvas, turns the whole room into the dark interior of a camera-box. Admittedly the other figures and their lighting do not fit into this demonstration. But what I am pursuing could be no more than a hint, an intuition on Velasquez's part. A more direct confirmation of the theory is not possible until we come to Manet's intense enthusiasm for Velasquez's art. Then it is surely significant that Manet, the first painter to use actual photographs as a basis for his work, should have selected Velasquez as his supreme teacher and master.

However, although I believe that this approach to Velasquez is the most helpful one for us today, it is only indirectly related to the comparison with Picasso. What is directly related to that comparison is this: Velasquez's art represents the culmination of an attitude to nature which began with the Renaissance. His taking of this attitude to its logical culmination involved him, as I have pointed out, in making many changes of emphasis. But the underlying faith remained the same: that the eye, if used properly, could reveal the truth about the objective world. Both Mantegna – a hundred and fifty years earlier – and Velasquez could have sympathised with Galileo's complaint:

> But what will you say to the noted philosophers who, despite repeated invitations, still refuse to take a look either at the moon or the telescope and so close their eyes to the truth?

When Velasquez painted *Las Meninas* Newton was twelve years old. Newton was to synthesise the results of centuries of such visual curiosity. And the conclusions he was going to come to in terms of physics about light, space, movement and time were strikingly similar to those to which Velasquez had intuitively come in terms of his art.

Let us now look at the Picasso. We shall find that it is opposed in almost every way to the Velasquez which it sets out to honour. The same elements are all there. But now neither the structure of individual forms nor the space that surrounds them is primary. The space is adumbrated in almost as abrupt a way as the figures. What has now become primary is the artist's system of seeing, his style. The unity of the picture doesn't depend upon the grouping of the people, or the logic of the light, or the emotion of the scene, or the perfection of perspective: it simply depends upon the consistency with which



**Les Menines et la Vie.* By PABLO PICASSO. *Zwemmer: Cercle d'Art.* 135s.

everything has been transformed – the dog, the Infanta, the room are all somehow equidistant from their other selves in the Velasquez.

What is the purpose of this transformation? Is it the result of something more than Picasso's whims? Is he doing anything more than creating order on the basis of perversity? The question is not so stupid. If you accept the standards of Velasquez, he is doing no more than that. And if you reject those standards what do you put in their place? The hot air of a new aesthetic? Somehow we must do better than that.

JOHN BERGER

(To be concluded)

Resnais Again

AT THE Berkeley the second film makes the real draw. This is Alain Resnais's *Night and Fog*, a precursor of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* in more senses than one. He takes his camera to the plague-spot of Auschwitz, there, curiously and with passion, to picture the barbed wire and then the stiff figure hanging on the wire, to note the whimsical styles of the sentry towers – Swiss, Chinese. The slow visit through the dormitories, execution yards, death chambers – revives horrifying images – sometimes in stills, sometimes in newsreel scraps: naked victims huddle under a wall; the camp commandant has friends in to tea, bored with a war endlessly going on; a symphony orchestra sits playing in the snow; a ye-olde sign points the way back from the mines to camp; stacked bodies, a mountain of hair, scratches on the gas-chamber ceiling bring back the whole ghastly reality. One can hardly contemplate it; yet one must, or it will slip away. Resnais employs all his art to make memory enduring – and endurable, with continuities of his own, camera movements as exact and distinct as Hanns Eisler's score. Like *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, this half-hour film brings conscience face to face with what it would most gladly forget; where it differs is that here no tormented lovers embody our reluctance, only the commentary by Jean Cayrol, piercingly eloquent. May we hope to see more Resnais films, especially *Toute la mémoire du monde* and *Le Chant du Styrène*? Our appetite for these is whetted in the current *Sight and Sound*, which with three articles on Resnais gave *Hiroshima Mon Amour* the best critical send-off any new film coming to London could hope for.

Man of Straw – The Seducer deserves some sort of prize as the clumsiest title of the year (Paris Pullman). Not having noted the Italian original I suggest *Sawdust Lover;* or why not *The Seducer*? That would describe the film and the character accurately enough: a happily married man of 40, whose wife and child are away, has an affair with a young girl, who takes him seriously and commits suicide. Pietro Germi plays the part, with a masculine carelessness that gets undermined, and directs the film. It's a queer mixture of real life and strained dramatics, well acted and well photographed, but scrappy, long-drawn-out, patched together with narrative. Its best moments suggest the heave of relief with which even the best-suited father and husband will disburden himself of his chains, and its worst make play with innocently accusing child-eyes. On balance, the merits win, but it is hardly victory.

A British film, not for the first time, has done its best to ruin a novel. Paul Winterton's *The Megstone Plot* was a wry thriller of more than average intelligence. As *A Touch of Larceny* (Plaza) it plays for comedy and becomes itself absurd; the characters are white-washed, sex is sweetened, and the merits of the orginal plot gutter away. James Mason plays the missing Admiralty man who hoaxes everyone into thinking he has disappeared with secrets to Russia, and plans to collect damages from the Press for libel. He is made to draw suspicion to himself by fingering roubles at an embassy reception!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Game of Dialectics

IN his Preface to *Saint Joan* Shaw suggested that his play would be unpopular with the critics because it was too classical and too highbrow. 'But', he added, 'I can no more take notice of [this opinion] than Einstein of the people who are incapable of mathematics'. He was not only flattering himself, he was utterly wrong. The trouble with *Saint Joan* is not that it is too long or too difficult or too classical; it is simply too superficial. The characters talk and talk, and Shaw puts into their mouths interesting and ingenious comments on the medieval Church and State – though none, incidentally, as interesting as those which he puts in the preface. But nothing happens below the level of enthusiastic argument. Now these arguments may be clearly marked, brightly coloured and alluring, but the characters exchange them much as schoolboys exchange stamps:

WARWICK: It is the protest of the individual soul against the interference of priest or peer between the private man and his God. I should call it Protestantism if I had to find a name for it.

CAUCHON (*looking hard at him*): You understand it wonderfully well, my lord. Scratch an Englishman, and find a Protestant.

WARWICK (*playing the pink of courtesy*): I think you are not entirely void of sympathy with The Maid's secular heresy, my lord. I leave you to find a name for it.

CAUCHON: . . . Call this side of her heresy Nationalism if you will: I can find no better name for it . . . etc., etc.

It is like a Union debate. For all their ingenuity, one feels that nothing really exists for these people below the level of brightness and enthusiasm.

All of which means the play has dated. The issues may be interesting but they are no longer burning; the endless jokes about the English seem obvious and tired; the characters exist less as human beings than as ciphers in a code that no longer seems to matter much; the outbursts of poeticism about Nature seem as superficial as jolly knight-to-page chumminess. In *Saint Joan* there is too much playing in the wrong sense: that is, it is a spectacle of people *playing at* ideas and feelings. It never touches that moving depth of insight which, in Ibsen, still gives now alien or decayed causes their compulsive dramatic power.

The play's failings are not helped by Douglas Seale's slow production at the Old Vic. Leslie Hurry, for example, is such a talented designer that he could have been encouraged to produce sets that would shift into one another without interminable pauses in the dark. Presumably, too, Mr Seale could have seen to it that the Inquisitor (Walter Hudd) delivered his long, important speech without sounding bored by it to the point of inaudibility. Alas, boredom was the order of the day. In different ways, it even affected those excellent actors Robert Harris and Donald Houston: Mr Harris, as Cauchon, seemed weary, weary in his debate with Warwick (George Baker), and Mr Houston, as the Bastard, cloaked his usually sympathetic irony in a bluff, but rather tired sententiousness. Only Alec McCowen seemed to create his part instead of blankly reciting his lines. By a few quizzical pauses, by a touch of deadness in his voice while all the others were throbbing like taxis, he gave the Dauphin a delicate deadpan irony which, though it collapsed once or twice into feyness, seemed an oasis of wit and stylishness in the vast deserts of swaggering dialectic.

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But the play stands or falls by Joan. Thanks to Barbara Jefford, it stood. It is an almost impossible part: she has to be saint and wise-acre, mystic and Bernard Shaw, gentle and soldierly, right and precocious. The temptation to bouncy smugness, which would turn the play into a kind of *What Katie Did* in argumentative and medieval dress, is enormous. But Miss Jefford avoided it rigorously. She steered between all the dangers to emerge with a fire and intelligence and spontaneity that often belied the insufferable pertness of some of her lines. She worked between them as well as through them, hinting at what a wonderful play *Saint Joan* might have been, had Shaw been interested in people.

Double Yolk (St. Martin's) is the theatre's equivalent of the British B picture: all about the difficulties of those who, like Lawrence's mother, were 'born to play a superior role in the goddam bourgeoisie'. In the first of two playlets, poker-faced and poker-backed Robert Flemyng manœuvres poor, suffering Judy Campbell into suicide. In the second, Avice Landon does what she can to console Anna Massey who is wilting while her husband flies. It is the husband who sums up the tone of both: 'Cups of tea at funny times: that's a sure sign of trouble'. But if that's the way life takes you, that's the way life takes you.

A. ALVAREZ

A Garland of Nettles

THIS week's piece is an anthology, congeries, or salmagundi of minor grumbles.

What's My Line?, having reached its three hundredth performance last Sunday, has surely earned euthanasia. If the set happens to be switched to the BBC on Sunday at 7.30 pm, the present alternative being the unspeakably awful *Interpol Calling*, one is still held by Eamonn Andrews's grin of welcome; if he isn't really good-natured, no one can act it better. But how bored he must be, as we are, by the patter about signing in and closing your eyes if you don't want to see what the signer's job is: how boring, too, the plug for impending shows that follows the identification of the 'celebrity'! (Lord Boothby, in his most ebullient form, was a welcome change from the crack-of-doom line of people in show-business.) What enrages me most about the whole thing, though, is the BBC's insensitiveness and wastefulness in making this the viewers' major opportunity of contact with two such intelligent and articulate people as Lady Barnett and Gilbert Harding. Both, indeed, are used in other programmes, on sound as well as TV, but generally at non-peak times: I should like to see them in the *Brains Trust* at least, or in a new discussion programme - not just frittering away their maturity - decade after decade - in this fatuously jolly charade.

The hard-and-fast scheduling of ITV commercials still leads to intolerably impertinent intrusions. Recently Ted Leather, MP, was taking part in a serious political discussion in *This Week*. Asked to wind up briefly, he started to quote three questions put by Mr Menzies to Dulles at the time of Suez. As these were told him at the time by Mr Menzies, this might have been an interesting fragment of hitherto secret history. Mr Leather, a brisk performer, took only five seconds to quote the first question. Then the chairman broke in: 'I'm afraid we've got to leave it there.' Leather (ruefully): 'Have we?' (Answer: Yes, you have – that's what you voted for when you voted for the Television Act, 1954.)

A surprising failure in *Tonight* (and we have praised them so often that they can take it): Alan Whicker's interview with Lady Hulton. There seemed to be absolutely no *rapport* between them; and between an interviewer and his subject there must surely be something either of hatred or of affection and admiration. Here there seemed to be only a rather jerky and nervous suspicion. I don't think it was either's fault: Whicker is extremely competent, Lady H. has hidden depths of intelligence, intuition, and malice which it would be fascinating to see probed by the right person (John Freeman?). They just didn't click.

There has been too much slipshod work, on both channels, lately. Examples: in the BBC's fragrant and edifying serial, *The Secret Garden* (from Frances Hodgson Burnett), the curtains at the head of the sick boy's bed parted a second too soon, puzzlingly to viewers, to make way for the next shot. Too many lines were fluffed in a *Skyport* episode (Granada). A film was on the wrong monitor in *This Is Your Life* (BBC). In *Emergency – Ward 10* (ATV) a nurse giving a patient 'lemon-squash' didn't shake the bottle and didn't replace the stopper; and that old fault – imperfect synchronisation between the stopping of a telephone ringing and the lifting of the receiver – occurred several times. In an *Armchair Theatre* production (ABC) viewers were suddenly, if briefly, confronted with the spectacle of a camera pointing straight at them. During the moving end of episode six of *How Green Was My Valley* (BBC) – a slowly fading close-up of the face of a woman who had just had news of a death in a pit accident – a cultured voice was heard to say: '. . . pleased. I did the writing of the first few chapters – there's five . . . Oh!'

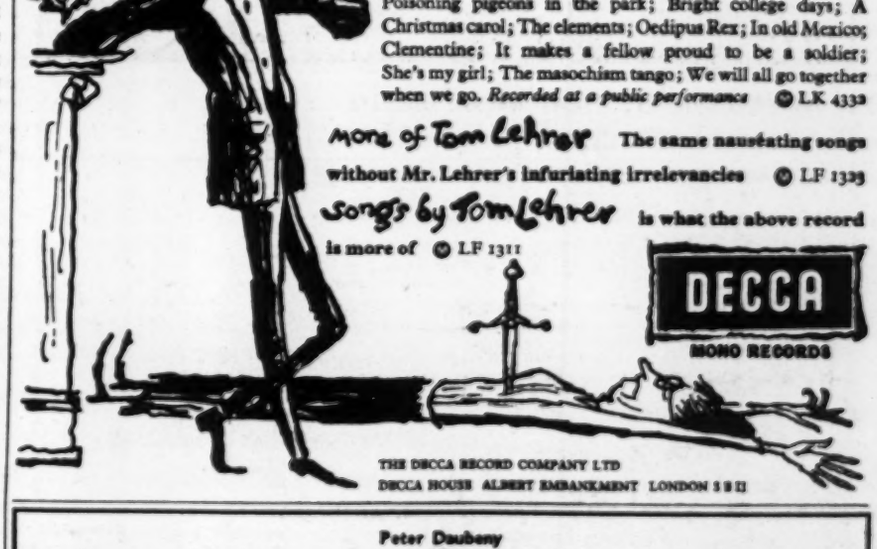
Promising, for his age. With more attention to detail, can do better.

TOM DRIBERG

Paintings by Anthony Whishaw, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

These are forceful and honest paintings, but not very searching, either in regard to their subjects or in regard to style. In fact Whishaw uses two quite separate styles – for the still-lives, the orthodox Cubist manner current during the 1914 war; for the figure-paintings, a form of expressionism reminiscent of Permeke: some sort of a synthesis is reached in the two large canvases of *Jivers*. The figure-paintings are the more interesting, but the interest lies in the vigour of their design rather than in their insight into the appearance, structure or behaviour of human beings. The forms selected from reality are those which are most obvious: we are never *surprised* by a shape as we always are when an artist has really looked at nature with his own eyes. What's more, the forms aren't always selected, they tend to be preconceived: thus the shapes in the *Jivers* don't have much feel about them of jiving, or of the particular sexual tensions involved in jiving, but rather the sort of general sense of dynamism and tension and power found in the early Wyndham Lewis. Still, Whishaw is clearly an artist who could use large mural spaces to some purpose. The gallery is also showing a good selection of early Sutherland gouaches.

A.D.B.S.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Willy Nilly (*K. Woodward*)

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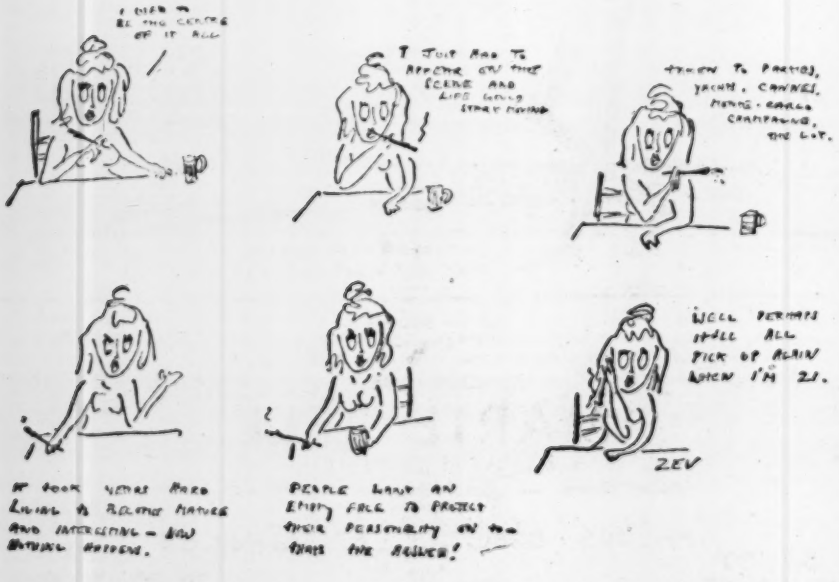


Zev (*Piers and Noah Morris*)

THE humour business is the most difficult, dangerous, and nerve-shattering in the world. Clowns, script writers for comic shows, editors of humorous magazines and other practitioners often end up in a padded cell, if they don't begin in one. Jokes make them shudder, and having to decide whether something written or drawn is funny leaves them grey and shattered. James Thurber, in his book *The Years With Ross*, thus describes Ross' demeanour at the *New Yorker's* weekly Tuesday afternoon art meeting:

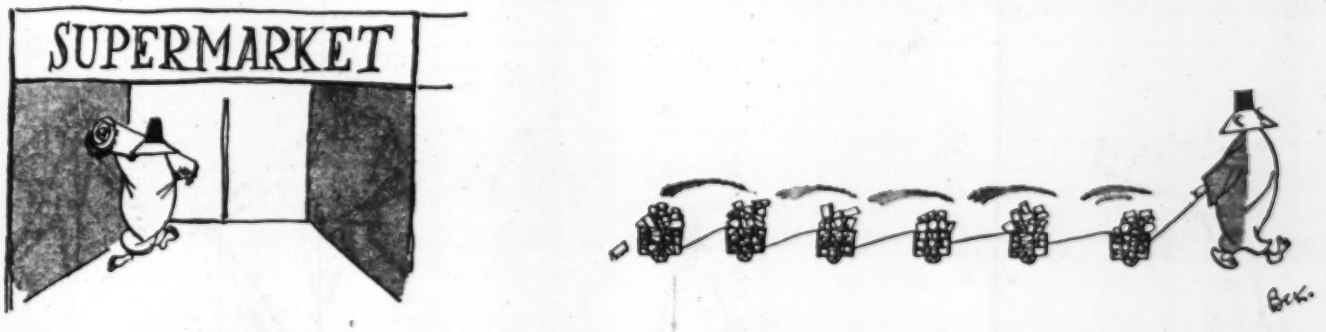
> Ross sat on the edge of a chair several feet away from the table, leaning forward, the fingers of his left hand spread upon his chest, his right hand holding a white knitting needle which he used for a pointer . . . Ross rarely laughed outright at anything. His face would light up, or his torso would undergo a spasm of amusement, but he was not at the art meeting for pleasure. Selecting drawings was a serious business, a part of the week's drudgery, and the back of his mind ever held the premonition that nothing was going to be funny.

This would go for *Punch*, too, and, I imagine, for any other humorous magazine that has been or ever will be. Thus there were no loud guffaws from Vicky, Osbert Lancaster and myself as we turned over the substantial crop of entries for the NEW STATESMAN Strip-Cartoon Competition. The editor alone permitted himself an occasional smile, which served to preserve his amateur status. I, of course, during my five years with *Punch*, was at the receiving end in this business. Even now, I sometimes wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, haunted by the memory of being confronted with a drawing or manuscript about which I have to decide whether or not it is funny. Humour, like beauty, lies in the eye of the beholder. Agreement is rarely achieved. One man, confronted with something that is meant to be funny, will fall into helpless paroxysms of mirth. Another looks, stony-faced, at the same manuscript or drawing. A painful reaction is to be asked what it means. 'Never seek to tell thy love,' Blake wrote. 'Never seek to tell thy jokes,' would be equally sage advice.

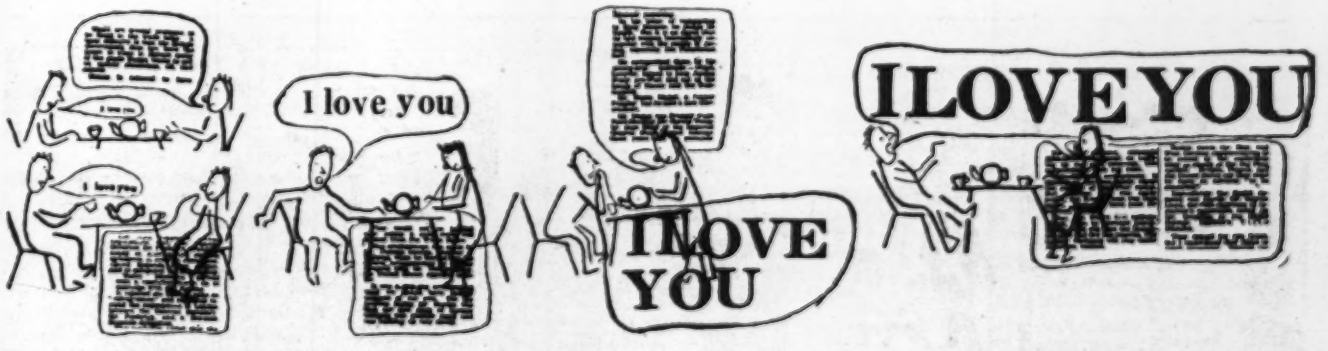
Vicky and Lancaster are eminent professionals; both fabulously productive, and contributors to the folklore of the age. Vicky's Macmillan and Lancaster's Maudie Littlehampton already belong to history. I admired the quiet confidence of their judgements compared with my own flounderings and backward glances. It was like the difference between the diagnosis of an experienced

Cicatrix (Roy Dewar): Second Prize of £50

Cac (Cecily A. Ben-Tovim): Merit Award of £10



Bek (Roger Beck): Merit Award of £10



Klap (R. Klap): Merit Award of £10

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surgeon and that of a general practitioner. Happily, we were all at one, including the editor. No vote needed to be taken. Niky went to the top before we knew he was among the under 21's, which was most pleasurable and encouraging. I had expected, wrongly, that, in the strip-cartoon *genre*, old hands would be at a great advantage.

Some of the general points which emerged in the course of our discussions were:

(1) There is no inherent reason why strip-cartoons, like any other art, should not be derivative. At the same time, some derivations stimulate originality, whereas others produce mere imitations. An example of the former is André Francois, whose work for *Punch*, when I was editor, of all contributions, gave me the greatest personal satisfaction. I should suppose that Niky was a fellow André Francois fan. There were also some promising Ronald Searle disciples, though none, as it happens, among the winning entries. Peter Peri bears strong and rewarding traces of Topolski. Thurber, Steinberg, and especially Feiffer, are unrewarding masters. There were a good many, like Droc and Zev, who showed strong, if not overwhelming, Feiffer influence. As Vicky put it: 'Feiffer has revolutionised the modern strip-cartoon . . . given the strip-cartoon new "intellectual" content. But he has also encouraged imitations by "non-artists", or "anti-draughtsmen".' I've often heard about students, who want to begin with Impressionism. Picasso drew incomparably before he moved into the later phases of his development as an artist. It is, to me, an extraordinary, and somehow reassuring, circumstance that all great visual art must begin by diligently, carefully and boldly drawing the human body – its muscles, its curves, its bloom and its decay, its exquisite flower-like postures. It has to be known, told over like a miser telling over his wealth, before it can be distorted, symbolised and otherwise manipulated. How I love the sweet, clear, sure line of a leg or an arm or a torso!

(2) Simplicity of line, good composition, and, of course, humour, in the drawing had to be taken into account as well as the ideas conveyed. To adapt Donne, 'Humour's mysteries in souls do lie, but the drawing is his book.' Also, we had to consider how the drawings would reproduce on a NEW STATESMAN page. As Lancaster put it: 'The artist's line must be able to stand up to the usual weight of the surrounding newsprint. That of the second prize-winner (Cicatrix), delicate and expressive as it is, while it might make an effect in the wide-open spaces of *Punch*, would tend to be overwhelmed by the tight-packed columns of the NEW STATESMAN.' Cicatrix, I may add, showed high talent and was a strong candidate for first place.

(3) A particular gimmick or convention, like the triangular heads used by Bek, cannot but become, in time, more of a hindrance than a help. Again to quote Lancaster: 'What one is prepared to accept once or twice becomes in the end boring if, as in Bek's case, it is too far-fetched and without any real humorous or artistic justification.'

A TREE IS NOT MERELY A TREE. YOU MAY SEE IT –
AS A MINDLESS AMALGAM OF SPATIAL FORM MATHEMATICALLY RELATED TO FORMAL SPACE –
OR AS REFLECTING THE BITTER POETRY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION
BUT TO BE REALLY INTEGRATED A TREE MUST BE ENGAGÉ, AN ACTIVE PARTISAN IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE
DROC

Droc (Derek Chittock and Roger Woddis)

Peter Peri

THE CAMPAIGN FOR "PLASTIFORM" ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS BURSTS ...
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for you
AND GAINS GROUND...
QUITE UNMARKABLE, MADAM, AND SO EASY TO POLISH- JUST A QUICK WIPE OVER WITH A DRY CLOTH!
HOW DELIGHTFULLY PLEBEIAN!
LUCIFER
PUBLIC ACCLAIM!
Darling, it just transforms the flat! So much more dignified than that spidery stuff from Cures...
Ideal for my little tea-shoppe, Agnes – do come and see!
We furnished our little nest throughout in Plastiform antiques and it left us with enough to buy a Bernard Buffet for the hall!
THE CHAIRMAN ADDRESSES THE BOARD...
GENTLEMEN, OUR LITTLE VENTURE HAS LAID US A GOLDEN EGG — BONUSES ALL ROUND!
THEN SUDDENLY...
PLASTIFORM ANTIQUES ARE SYMPTOMATIC OF THIS SYNTHETIC AGE — DESTROY THEM!!
This is a young angry, who's looking for a sounding-board to publicise his new play, "A Roll on the Stable Floor."

Lucifer (Michael Western)

(4) By the terms of the competition, the entries had to be a satirical – but not directly political – comment on life in mid-century Britain.' This reduced the rating of the competent, but more stereotype strip, like Bradec's and Lucifer's and Willie Nilly's.

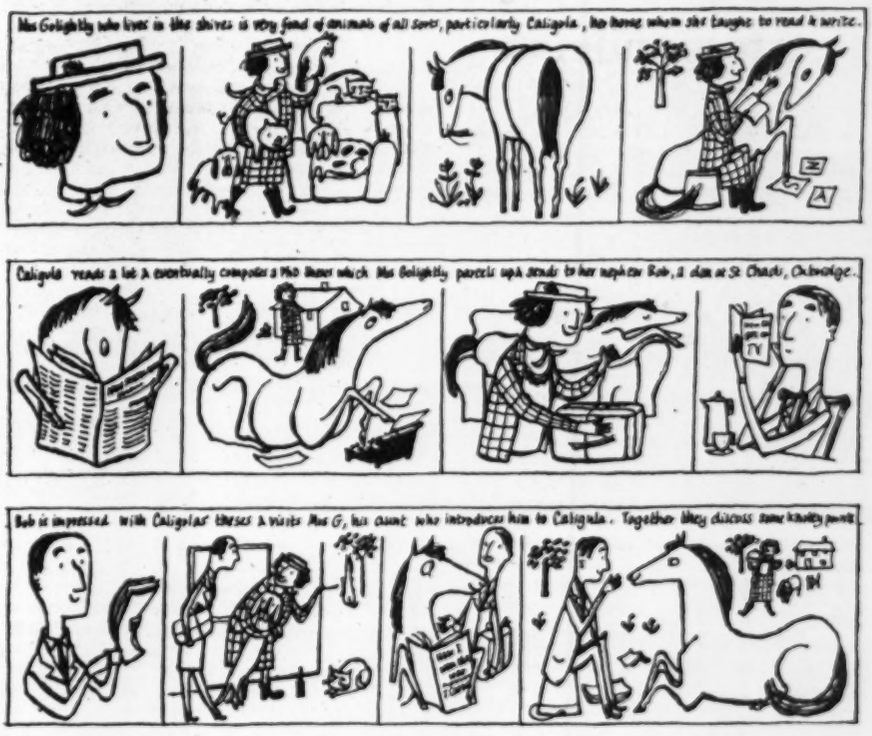
We all very much admired Cac's drawing and composition, even though, for reproduction it required a half-tone block, and wasn't, properly speaking a strip. Klap we found ingenious, with the proviso that the use of montage is tempting but hazardous. Pix also won general approval. The winner, Bias, scored heavily for originality – a rare achievement in a field where many have laboured.

The strip-cartoon, in the form we know it today, is a comparatively new development in humorous or satirical drawing. One of the first exponents of it was the French artist Caran d'Ache (Emmanuel Poiré) in the latter part of the last century, though, as a matter of fact, ancient frescoes in English churches sometimes take the form of a series of pictures telling a story. The Stations of the Cross may be regarded as a sacred strip. When Eden was impatiently waiting to take Churchill's place, I used in *Punch* an adaptation (brilliantly executed by Illingworth) of a famous Caran d'Ache strip, 'The Heir' to illustrate the situation. It showed a young man hopefully visiting an elderly invalid relative whose wealth he expected to inherit. Successive frames portrayed the gradual reversal of their rôles.

The earliest strip I can remember myself was Bud Fisher's 'Mutt and Jeff', which originated in America, but enjoyed enormous success in this country. Each episode was complete in itself. Only later came the idea of a strip serial, which, like a written serial, ends excitingly, creating a wish to see the next instalment. There was also 'Felix the Cat', in which Micky Mouse was a character, subsequently to be developed by Walt Disney so successfully in his animated cartoons. These too, were derived from the strip. Another veteran strip which got into popular speech was 'Pip, Squeak and Wilfred'.

Then, in the war, Jane came into her own, and kept up the troops' morale by taking off her clothes. An attempt to revive her in the post-war years was unsuccessful. I suppose there are too many live girls who readily take off their clothes for Jane to have much chance. American newspapers, particularly the Sunday supplements, have pages and pages of strips nowadays, many of them on science fiction themes. English newspapers have followed the fashion, but not so lavishly. It is, for the most part, a dream world that the strips portray. Al Capp, creator of the world-famous Li'l Abner, told me that an effort he once made to introduce a certain amount of social satire, and even public figures, into his strips led to much disapproval, particularly on the part of the proprietors of the newspapers in which Li'l Abner is syndicated. He had to drop it. There are satirical touches in Trog's presentation of his strip character, Fluke, and Colonel Pewter in the *News Chronicle* is, in strip terms, sophisticated.

As has already been remarked, however, Feiffer's is the strip for egg-heads and top people. He applies to the art Joyce's stream of consciousness technique. His bubbles are Freud-filled, subconscious-finished and libido-inflated. No doubt in time his technique will spread downwards, thereby giving the caption-writer a lift from his present somewhat lowly status by comparison with the artist. Even Jane may get another break as an art-tart who undresses to the greater glory of Proust rather than just to please the troops. She might be reborn as a crazy, mixed-up novelist.


Mrs Golightly who lives in the shires is very fond of animals of all sorts, particularly Caligula, the horse whom she taught to read & write.
Caligula reads a lot & eventually composes a Who Knows which Mrs Golightly parcels up & sends to her nephew Rob, a don at St Chads, Cambridge.
Rob is impressed with Caligulas theses & visits Mrs G, his aunt who introduces him to Caligula. Together they discuss some knotty points

Bradec (F. E. Williams and Christopher Bradby): Award of £10

I am not myself much of a strip addict. Pictorial narrative, on paper or on a screen, never seems to satisfy my old-fashioned appetite for the printed word. All the same, it has to be admitted that strips reflect the contemporary mood. The difficulty is to find the satirists. Though there is plenty of anger around, there is a decided shortage of those capable of transmuting it, as Swift did his furious indignation, into dancing patterns of bright thought. Life, in its public presentation at least, is growing ever more solemn. It is growing even more like *Life* magazine. This applies on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

I was much interested in some exchanges I have had recently with the editor of *Krokodil*. Round about Christmas he sent me a very affable telegram asking me to let him have an account of 'the funniest event this year that I witnessed. After some consideration, I decided that far and away the funniest event I witnessed in 1959 was Mr Macmillan's visit to the USSR. So I wrote a brief account of it, drawing a comparison between our Prime Minister and Don Quixote, with his Sancho Panza, in the person of Mr Selwyn Lloyd, pounding along behind him. The answer I received to this offering deserves quotation:

> Excuse me for taking so much time to answer. But the matter is that after weeks of hesitation we felt that we could not publish your article. Our tradition is that we feel in a way responsible for the materials we publish and although it is your point of view we here do not want to laugh at Mr Macmillan. For our readers such an article would be in a way the expression of Krokodil's point of view and since it is not we are forced to reject it. As you undoubtedly know we hold Mr Macmillan in high esteem and we also think that his visit to the USSR played an important rôle in the relaxation of the world tension. At the same time we repeat that we would be very happy to have from time to time your contributions.

In a way, I quite see his point, and shall probably have a go at another contribution one of these days. A proffered contribution to the *New Yorker* on similar lines would probably produce an almost identical reaction. The world's present insecurity is liable to create an exaggerated respect for authority. In the shadow of the mushroom cloud, we draw together, hush our voices, and keep in step. Such order as exists seems too frail to be subjected to the blast of ridicule. Like an invalid, it has to be wrapped up, kept from draughts, and fed on pre-digested food.

The area of life in which humour is permissible is steadily shrinking. Even sex, which gave mankind its first big laugh, has become a serious matter. An unholy alliance of advertisers, pornographers and head-shrinkers have moved in on it, driving the poor clowns away. Class, another valuable piece of humorists' real estate, has been made the object of a takeover bid by resentful beneficiaries under the Welfare State. As for the Church – the Archbishop of Canterbury has stolen the show by being funnier than any professional comedian could hope to be, and no one else can get in on the act.

It is all rather sad. We four judges – Lancaster, Vicky, the editor and I – metaphorically speaking, lifted a glass to the winners and runners-up in the NEW STATESMAN strip-cartoon competition, with a hope that they would continue to extract from the everlasting misfortunes of mankind those nuggets of wry laughter which provide the best specie wherewith to pay for board and lodging in this inhospitable world.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Correspondence

EDUCATING LITTLE JACK

SIR, - Your correspondents who criticise the raising of the school-leaving age are too pessimistic and faint-hearted. All schoolteachers are aware of the problem of the adolescent lout: unwilling to learn, resentful of authority and ever threatening to upset the precarious balance of order in the classroom. They are a serious problem, but they are a problem it is the duty of the teacher, the LEA's and the Ministry of Education to overcome. We will not solve it by continuing to turn them onto the labour market at 15.

The lout is socially retarded, he is not always, by any means, mentally retarded. Although one form of backwardness can only too easily lead to the other if not properly handled.

Much valuable work in the handling of the lower IQ groups is going on in our schools, not least in the much maligned Comprehensive Schools. This work must be expanded. That is the job of the authorities: more training courses and higher salaries for those prepared to undertake this responsible, and not always pleasant, work. Teachers can help by recognising that the man who takes the ESN class is as professionally worthy as he who takes the Upper Sixth (Classical).

As to the anti-social children, (and they are children although they may be bigger than ourselves!), their problem is usually one of background. As Mr Caplon writes, 'they are intensely emotional.' Most of them (and I have had four years' experience of some of the toughest) have deprived of everything we more respectable people regard as normal family affection. It is through the building of personal loyalty and trust (something they have never known) that we can get to them. And all but the really neurotic can be interested in learning provided we go part of the way to meet their interests and needs. The work of the late Alex Bloom in the East End of London bears valiant witness to this.

Teachers, however, are not saints (our material rewards are considerably less than those of most sinners!). We do need some protection, as Dr Solomon suggests, against the impenetrable cases and the near neurotics. Let us have many more psychologists at hand to identify the latter and let our headmasters have a definite and simple power of expulsion, in place of the present humiliating rigmarole, for the former; it won't need to be used often.

Then we will welcome the extra year in which to continue our struggle against the credos and values of Jack and his acquisitive society.

P. G. SQUIBB

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Chairman: Rt. Hon. Lord Nathan, P.C.
Thursday, 25th Feb. 5.45 for 6 p.m. Admission free

SOUTH AFRICAN BOYCOTT

SIR, - In his speech to the Assembly of the Union of S. Africa, Mr Macmillan deprecated the intention of the 'boycott' of their goods by a portion of the English people. Is it, however, a 'useless' gesture as a protest at the inhuman methods by which Apartheid is being applied by that government?

In his *Memoirs*, published in 1959, Lord Woolton writes of the protest of his firm of Lewis in 1938, when 'the world was shocked by the relentless persecution of the Jews in Germany'. Not only were their 'fourteen buyers in various parts of Germany' ordered to 'close their books . . . and return home', but the decision was taken 'to have no further trade with German manufacturers while the German people continued to tolerate' their government's policy. It was the protest of an individual, but 'for the first time, people were given the opportunity of registering a protest in the form that Germans, apart from their government, would understand'. He received many letters from people for having, in this practical form, raised a protest, and German goods were boycotted by many.

Woolton was told that the then 'Prime Minister strongly disapproved of my action and that I had no right to interfere in this manner in the foreign policy of the country.' History repeats itself! And one's own regret is that our people have no opportunity (apart from this boycott of South African goods) of reminding our Prime Minister that the opposition parties in Parliament represent the majority of the electorate and disapprove, not only of the policy in S. Africa, but also of that of his government over the manner in which the Central African Federation was formed and of British methods of administration in our 'Protectorates'.

E. M. BINYON

21 Lansdowne Rd
Bournemouth

SIR, - It is difficult to take your vicious and viperous tirade against us without defending the white man's position in South Africa.

The African, before the advent of the white man, was a murdering savage. He annihilated the original inhabitants of South Africa in his trek from the north, namely the Pigmy and Bushman. These selfsame descendants of the marauding tribes now claim that South Africa is theirs by virtue of their being the original inhabitants of this country, and the white man is the aggressor by his opening up and working this virgin land which the migratory tribes of Africa made little use of.

Maybe our problem arises today because the original Afrikaner, of Dutch and Huguenot descent, was too God-fearing a man to annihilate the African on this sub-continent, as was done by early American settlers with regard to the Red Indians. I do not believe that the average Afrikaner today is any worse than his forebears, and if the white man living in this country today seems to the outside world to be brutish, the fault does not lie with us. You cannot live in Africa for long without being tainted with some of its forcefulness and vitality.

A great number of the Africans in the Union today came from the North and the Protectorates, to seek an easier way of life and a higher standard of living than in their own home country. I can appreciate the African in this country now wanting to rule, by virtue of his vast superiority in numbers and by support of public opinion in Britain, which obtains its opinions from the prejudiced popular press.

The only claim that the African can lay to South Africa is for the manual labour he has put into this country, but then have not the beasts of burden, the oxen and mules, the same claim? Any culture and learning they have acquired is due entirely to their contact with the white man. Before the advent of the white man they were a disease-ridden, totalitarian-ruled people, whose tribal laws and customs were more despotic than can be conceived by any person brought up to a European way of life.

This then is our quandary. Must we give up the cities that have been built by the ingenuity of the white man, to a handful of intellectual Africans, a number of city educated ones, and a vast majority of Africans whose savage instincts are simmering below the surface, and who could be whipped up to action by these few intellectuals, who think that the raw and uneducated masses should have the vital say in a multi-racial state?

The alternative is that these masses should live in their own states. This does not suit the African intellectual, who would rather have ready-made towns and cities to take over, than coax his own people into building their own towns.

BASIL SANDLER

P.O. Box 2593
Johannesburg

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR, - Was there as much stress laid by the Catholic Church on contraception before the invention of rubber devices? Since there is no gospel foundation for the present anathema, why must Catholics feel that not using contraceptives is a consequence of being a Christian? Is it not the case that there are at present no other doctrinal heresies going which have half the emotional to them as this pathetic witch hunt? Do you not think that it would be better if those of us who want to see birth control brought happily to religious persons began to publicise some other contentious dogma about sexual matters - for example whether premarital intercourse should be blessed in certain cases or not? Then this present overstressed topic might, in time, fade into sufficient obscurity for a benign Pope to find a way out of his present untrustworthy compromise - the safe period.

PENELOPE BALOGH

21 Northmoor Road, Oxford

SIR, - Your Christian readers who are not satisfied by their religion's minority opinion concerning birth control might like to hear a Mohammedan point of view. After all Mohammedans seem to believe more or less in the same type of a god:

'. . . birth control with artificial means because of fear of poverty is not permitted because Allah says: "We care for all of you." But the use of contraceptive means is permitted in order to prevent that children are born . . . if the wife cannot support further births.' -

Aktiv Islam, Nr 2, 1960, Stockholm.

It seems to me that a dogma with a 'liberal' escape clause is the more practical social law. But please do not take this contribution of mine more seriously than your other wonderfully logical contributions in this matter from hairsplitting busybodies.

JOACHIM COLLING

Stamgatan 87
Stockholm
Sweden

THE TWO GERMANYS

SIR, – Mr Crossman, along with most commentators on the recent outbreak of Swasticitis, shows good purpose but hardly wisdom when he deplores the neglect of German educators to inform children of the facts of the Hitler period. I feel nothing could be better than to leave them in the dark. For there are facts, and facts. There are the shameful gas chambers. But a conscientious historian would also have to tell them that Hitler abolished unemployment; 'forbade', in his words, inflation; built M-1 highways by the dozen; had the statesmen of the West visit him with greater admiration than they now show for Dr Adenauer, not to remove his swastika but to be photographed with him at his breakfast table; and finally took on the entire world in a war whose loss will not do him any more damage than Waterloo did to the prestige of Napoleon. There is no educational or psychological reason why German children should react differently to the black pages of their history than the children of other countries react to theirs. The danger of a course in Nazism is that it will not cure but produce Nazis, particularly if, as so many re-educators from the West seem to believe, Nazism is rooted in the German character. Any knowledge of it would then be bound to awaken rather than stifle it.

I would agree with Aldous Huxley who, in his foreword to his *Brave New World*, gives a highly realistic advice when he writes: 'Chronic remorse, as all the moralists are agreed, is a most undesirable sentiment. If you have behaved badly, repent, make what amends you can and address yourself to the task of behaving better next time. On no account brood over your wrongdoing. Rolling in the muck is not the best way of getting clean.'

LEOPOLD KOHR

University College of Swansea

COPYRIGHT IN RUSSIA

SIR, – It is unlikely that as many books will be translated from the Russian into English as vice versa, unless and until there is some form of copyright arrangement. It is very much in Russian interests that there should be. Here is an example. Russian and Polish translations of a British scientific work appeared almost simultaneously. The Polish publisher was able to point out to his Russian colleague that the Russian edition was out-of-date on the day of publication whereas his, thanks to close collaboration with the author, was up-to-date. Moreover, thanks to the help of the British publisher with whom the agreement was made, it contained additional and valuable illustrations.

Poland, like Czechoslovakia and Hungary, is a signatory of the Berne Convention. Czechoslovakia has in addition recently signed the Universal Copyright Convention. A closer study of the present situation by the Soviet authorities will bring a change. The last words of the head of one of the Russian State publishing houses to me on my recent visit were 'Some way must be found of dealing with this problem'.

STANLEY UNWIN

40 Museum Street WC1

PRIVATE PATIENTS AND THE NHS

SIR, – If the editor breaks his leg, will he not spend his three months in bed in a private ward, where, with telephone and free access for visitors, he can go on running the paper? Your either/or proposals would then debar the poor chap from his dentist, his spectacles, and his panel doctor. What, too, of the many people, not all rich, having psychotherapy? Thirty shillings saved regularly on the tranquillizer prescription might help a lot (a proposal that the NHS should meet all the analysts' bills could raise difficulties, I fancy).

NICOLAS MALLESON

34 Woburn Square WC1

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SIR, – Your remarks on the question of supplying NHS drugs to private patients deserve the strongest support. The tendency towards creating 'two nations' in the Health Service has already gone much too far, and indeed a more positively Socialistic policy than your words imply is called for if the work of the Labour government is not to be largely undone. More and more members of the most articulate and influential class in Britain are enjoying private medical services, either paying for it directly or taking advantage of the various insurance schemes that now exist. In many ways this may not be objectionable, and no doubt even does something to ease the financial and other pressures upon the NHS; but the social consequences could easily be disastrous. It is in fact largely the professional and upper-middle class who write letters to newspapers, utter vocal and intelligent protests against abuses, and generally create a healthy fuss when things go wrong. If the members of this class are able easily to bypass the NHS and receive private treatment instead, the effective check upon the functioning of public hospital wards and the public medical service will be seriously reduced and the 'other half' will be left with a second-best service.

It would probably be impossible within the bounds of democracy to forbid the private practice of medicine altogether, and perhaps too difficult to require members of the profession to make an exclusive choice between the public and private sectors, by forbidding them to have any NHS patients if they wished to continue any private work. But at least things must not be made any easier for the private patient. To allow the richer or the more provident to blow hot and cold even more than they do now, by picking and choosing the parts of the NHS they like and leaving the rest would be an intolerable regression and a serious threat to one of our very greatest social assets.

IAN HAMNETT

72 Northumberland Street
Edinburgh

WOMEN AT OXFORD

SIR, – It is somewhat surprising to find Janet Adam Smith, in her interesting review of my book, commending Ray Strachey's comprehensive history as a model of objectivity. As a devoted follower of Dame Millicent Fawcett and the constitutional suffragists, Mrs Strachey was singularly unobjective in her treatment of the militants. In fact, the first edition had to be withdrawn and revised owing to a tendentious reference to suffragette account-keeping.

I discovered this to my cost in 1953, when I innocently referred in my book to the offending passages in a copy of the original first edition which I chanced to possess. Although my reference had been used to illustrate Mrs Strachey's prejudice, I found myself the astonished target of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's indignation, and had to add an *erratum* slip to my own book.

VERA BRITTAIN

4 Whitehall Court
Westminster, SW1

UNKNOWN NEW ZEALAND

SIR, – Nobody on your editorial staff appears ever to have heard of this dominion and yet, believe it or not, we have a Socialist economy and a Labour government in power.

In your issue of 23 January, Critic writes about those countries that are training Colombo Plan students but completely overlooks New Zealand, and we have hundreds of these students being trained at universities and agricultural colleges.

In the same issue J. B. Priestley gives a very true impression of Australia and its press, but it is a great pity that he did not find the time to come one thousand miles further and visit us. Unlike Australia there is no question here of the rich get richer and the poor getting poorer, and I feel sure that it would have been an eye-opener for Mr Priestley to see the difference between the 'jungle' of Australia and the Socialist life of New Zealand. Also here we have excellent hotels at reasonable prices. When Mr Priestley writes 'there down under they are still fighting the Cold War and the ghost of Joe McCarthy walks the streets, etc. etc. . . .' I feel sure most of your readers in other parts of the world, like your own editorial staff, will lump New Zealand in with these remarks because I constantly receive letters from Britain that appear to believe that New Zealand can be dismissed as a small island off the coast of capitalist Australia.

Recently, when Professor Linus Pauling visited this city on behalf of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, our mayor appeared on the platform with him. This would be impossible in Australia. As a very old reader of the NEW STATESMAN I do appeal to you to get up to date about New Zealand and when writing about downunder make it clear to your readers that politically Australia and New Zealand are poles apart.

BERNARD ZEFF

84 Clyde Road
Fendalton
Christchurch
New Zealand

SOCIAL WORKERS

SIR, – An Association of Part-time Social Workers has been formed whose main aim is to enquire into the availability of part-time work and the demand for it, particularly amongst married social workers. To help in this we have prepared a questionnaire and we would be grateful if any of your readers who are interested would get in touch with us.

JEAN COX
PHYLLIS M. WILLMOTT

22 Grove Terrace,
NW5

Lively minds like
THE
GUARDIAN

Look about you in bus or train or office. Look at the newspapers your fellow-men choose to read. No single personal detail reveals so much about a man – his attitude to his life, his job, his future – as the newspaper he reads.

The Guardian reader, in particular, proclaims himself at once as a man alert and aware, open-eyed and lively minded. A man who has come of age mentally. In short, a man of judgment.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Priestley on Parnassus

MR J. B. PRIESTLEY continues to astonish. For the last forty years almost he has been bombarding a large and mostly delighted public with novels, plays, short stories, books of essays and autobiography, travel, criticism and pungent propaganda for his own forthright views on art, the commonweal and the species. His legions of readers have applauded vociferously, deserted in troops and re-recruited themselves enthusiastically as the fortunes of his literary career have soared or wavered. Over the years his versatility – he works i' the earth faster than Hamlet's mole, burrowing you a new comedy or tract for the times even while you are still damning his last novel – has become a plague and a torture to the tidy-minded. His earlier critics – the tweeded Robin Goodfellows of Poppins and the *London Mercury* who fraternally saluted *The Good Companions* when it first appeared and grumbled ever afterwards because it lacked a sequel – these have long given place to a tetchier and unhappier breed. Successive generations of brilliant, un-indolent reviewers, Sadducean Leavisites, Pharisaic mandarins, have lunged and railed dazzlingly at the phenomenon – or, more often, retired in a huff to their tents, taking refuge in sarcasm, faint praise or sheer sniffing superiority (*e.g.* 'He [Fielding] is important not because he leads to Mr J. B Priestley but because he leads to Jane Austen, to appreciate whose distinction is to feel that life isn't long enough to permit of one's giving much time to Fielding or any to Mr Priestley'). Growling his comminations, the Energumen of Craftsmanship continues to burrow on.

He has just thrown up an embarrassing heap of earth upon the lawn, nothing less than a survey of five centuries of European and American literature in relation to the 'Western Man' who created it*. This, for a writer in his late sixties, would be something of a courageous achievement by any standard. In Priestley's case it is a rich and rewarding one, taking its place beside such fertilising and popular 'outlines' as Wells's *Outline of History* and Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*. As the author says in his introduction, the book is not primarily meant for critics and scholars, still less for the public that asks for digests and 'packaged culture': it is chiefly intended for 'the considerable numbers of people, in many different countries, who are sufficiently intelligent and sensitive to enjoy most good literature but are, for various good reasons, rather wary of it, especially the literature of our own age, to which I have devoted the largest section of this book'

Any work of this kind – any work of Priestley's, for that matter – is bound to include a great deal of personal judgment and bias, and 'the appalling business of deciding which writers should not be merely mentioned but given some critical consideration . . . has had to be settled from the standpoint of this Western Man.' Since, as the author reasonably points out, he himself is the Western Man that he knows best, it is Priestley's own yardstick that we shall be measuring by. But it is by no means a purely personal or idiosyncratic one. As a young man, Priestley wrote excellent book-length studies of Peacock and Meredith for the 'English Men of Letters' series. But here both are rightly subordinated to the general pattern of the book. Peacock receives four lines and Meredith not more than a paragraph

The book is divided into roughly five parts – 'The Golden Globe' of humanism, 'The Order'd Garden' of the eighteenth century; 'Shadows of the Moon' (the Romantic Movement and its ramifications); 'The Broken Web' of the nineteenth century and 'The Moderns', carrying us as far as 1939 with a rather grim and sobering look toward the future. The whole story is informed with a grave moral, semi-religious seriousness – an Arnoldian awareness of literature in relation to the human being trying to see life steadily and whole. Beneath Priestley's shrewd and simplifying good sense, beneath his sudden flashes of intuitive exposition – he has always been one for the effective simile, and never more than here – there flows a powerful current of feeling, an underlying tragic sense of the way in which literature mirrors not only the whole estate of man, but the 'pain of being a man'. (This explains the brief but pointful reference to Unamuno.) Priestley sees literature not merely as the reflection of human life but as a unique thermometer that is incapable of lying about the human condition. In his first section the patient is doing finely, 'living, under God, in a great mystery'. Long before we have reached the end of the journey, he is in a galloping consumption, a consumption that can only be arrested by our 'finding the right healing symbols for the inner world.' We must, says Priestley, stop disinheriting ourselves. Western Man has become schizophrenic and literature is further removed from the human centre than it ever was before. We must, he concludes,

> challenge the whole de-humanising, depersonalising process, under whatever name it may operate, that is taking the symbolic richness the dimension in depth, out of men's lives, gradually inducing the anaesthesia that demands violence, crudely horrible effects, to feel anything at all . . . Instead of wanting to look at the back of the moon, remote from our lives, we can try to look at the back of our own minds

This, roughly, is the thesis of this most remarkable book. There are, of course, bound to be numerous small points of contention and disagreement on the part of every common reader. (Why, for instance, having dealt with Maeterlinck and Rostand, does he not mention Claudel, a much greater poet, and a key figure in the type of drama that Priestley is discussing? Why is Léon Bloy missing in the chapter that appraises Georges Sorel?) The writer has a powerful hatred of literary cults: and this makes him perhaps less than fair to Joyce (though he rightly sees his method as a *cul-de-sac*) and surprisingly shrill about Stendhal, though *pace* Gide (a writer whom he handles firmly in kid gloves), he is surely right in awarding the palm to Balzac. I can't help feeling that he greatly undervalues Byron, and possibly Browning, and that he totally misconceives the importance of Flaubert through concentrating on *Madame Bovary* – easy to fault the adulteress – in preference to the much greater *L'Education sentimentale*. He neglects to mention Musil, by-passes Trotsky in his discussion of 'Social Realism', gives Hopkins only three lines and is frank about his indifference to Racine. He appears to share Lord Macaulay's predilection for the comedies of Goldoni. And, as the Rector's wife said in the Ford Madox Ford novel, 'Not a *word* against John Ruskin in this house!' But these of course are personal judgments.

The writers who earn the largest measure of Priestley's critical consideration are very much the ones we might expect – Rabelais, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Goethe (an odd and, for Priestley, a strangely unlucid apology), Hugo (excellent on the great trumpet-player), Dickens, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Whitman, Baudelaire (determined, but rather missing the point of *luxe, calme et volupté*), Ibsen, Yeats, Shaw, Proust, Thomas Mann and so on. He has a great knack of communicating his own enthusiasms – it may be for a major work (*e.g.* Mann's *The Magic Mountain*), that one has never read, or for a curiosity (Lesage's *Turcaret*, for instance) that one had never heard of before, and is now determined to try.

Like most of his generation, Mr Priestley has a nice sense of literary pieties. Personally, I am glad to learn that Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day, that Elizabethan theatrical companies achieved great fame on the Continent and that Mark Twain attributed Southern airs and graces to the reading of the Waverley Novels under the magnolia blossom. Above all, Priestley, again here as in all his fiction and polemic, shows himself a journalist of genius – even though he quotes Schopenhauer's epigram that journalism is the second hand in the clock of history and seldom goes right. Who else, having read Dr Hotson's *Shakespeare's Wooden O*, after this book had gone to press, would have inserted a last minute loose-leaf note dated 2 January, recommending the book and revising his theory of the Elizabethan Theatre?

But it is in his specific analyses of the books and writers that he really enjoys that Priestley is supremely good value. Here one becomes selfish and begins to wish that the whole generous and educative plan of his

**Literature and Western Man.* By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 42*s.*

book were altered, and that instead he had been content to give us a series of long and mature judgments of the writing he likes best. From a brief but necessary note on the Spanish Drama of the sixteenth century or the origins of the German Romantic Movement, he turns (and the 'common' as opposed to the 'general' reader, turns gladly with him) to discuss the insanity of Sancho Panza or Goethe's 'Olympian good fortune'.

Cervantes, Shakespeare and Molière bring out the best in Priestley. Listen to him on the last-named:

> They [some of his critics] can understand him when he is laughing at affected society-women, blue-stockings, mean old men, rich bourgeois trying to be fashionable, and all his obvious victims; but as soon as he comes closer to us and is stealthier in his pursuit of folly, they begin to misunderstand him. So Schlegel could find *Le Misanthrope* dull, and calls it improbable because, he tells us, Alceste would never have fallen in love with Célimène or had Philinte as a friend. But this is to miss the point of the play. Alceste is not an ideal hero but another one-sided character, as over-fond of savage criticism and blunt one-sided honesty as Célimène is of intrigue and malicious gossip. They are both egoists. And his infatuation is not surprising; it could happen anywhere except in the mind of a German critic. Nor is the play, on its own level, ambiguous, for what Molière is telling us is that a man may be right in general but put himself in the wrong by becoming one-sided in his rightness . . .

His analyses of Richardson and Diderot, his account of just what the London club did to Thackeray, his knowledge that Taine had a surer feeling for great literature than Sainte-Beuve, his timely belief that certain writers – Anatole France, for example – are only in temporary eclipse and are due to be re-discovered by the next generation – these are heartening insights.

There is far more that one would like to say about this vigorous and rewarding book. If the space permitted, one would like, above all, to have discussed Priestley's debt to Jung, his emphasis on the matriarchal and life-enhancing principle in literature (exemplified in Rabelais, though 'he has . . apparently very little to say about anything that women want to hear') and on the harm done to art when the unconscious is ignored or stifled. In his recent study of F H. Bradley, Mr Richard Wollheim writes perceptively that 'there are some in whose eyes any attempt to relate an intellectual work to the elementary and emotional movements of the psyche is a way of degrading the intellect. On those who are so confident where the emotions end and the intellect begins, it is the pleasure and the privilege of the emotions to take their revenge'. In the course of this book Priestley shows us the emotions again and again taking their revenge, as art slides more and more obliquely away from the centre of society. His book is an urgent and compelling plea for the restoration of man's total image in literature.

JOHN RAYMOND

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For Edwin Muir

You were a hero of a new kind
(and yet an old kind too).
Achilles and the rest may go
through their harsh indigo
angry light – but not you.

They may flash sabres – be dense
with black killing, mince men
like comic mutton, and then come
plunging through Elysium –
bulls in a college scene.

And end as statues in the rain
where wincing sheep pass by
bleating of that insane hour
when a sword shearing from the air
made bloody holiday.

It is not of them we think
but of those heroes who can probe
with the keen knife of the mind the mind
and finding what is there designed
in the dense hubbub of that globe

stand swaying in the wrestling air
as if a child through cruel light
were vainly struggling to stay in
its hollow cave from the steep rain
like a silver moon in a cloud at night

till from the roots of the bitter head
streaming its roses it wins free
and runs about the world it made
wearing its dress of green pride
and belt of gay necessity

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH

The Century's Good Cause

The Speeches of Charles Dickens. Edited by K J. FIELDING. *Oxford University Press.* 50s.

So much meticulous care has recently been devoted to the private life of Dickens that it is both revealing and refreshing to reconsider his public personality. What people believed and felt him to be is as interesting as what he actually was.

His speeches, collected and edited in this useful volume, provide a good indication of the scope and powers of his spokesmanship. He was an outstanding speaker, in the opinion of more than a few of his contemporaries 'the best after-dinner speaker in England'. In Trollope's words 'he spoke so well that a public dinner became a blessing instead of a curse, if he was in the chair'. Moreover, he usually enjoyed speaking at least as much as other people enjoyed listening to him. He sometimes wrote disapprovingly of the people and the places he had seen on his visits, but during the dinners themselves he was the life and soul of the party; 'his deep eyes seemed to flash upon every listener among the audience whom he addressed' The people – even lord mayors, peers, and, on occasion, lawyers – were treated to outpourings of geniality. The places – even the grimmest of Victorian cities – were commended if only for their vigour and 'public spirit'. Toast followed toast as Dickens addressed his hearers in instalments, not unlike the instalments of his novels and almost invariably culminating in a happy ending, a pretty toast to the ladies whose slave he declared himself to be.

Only rarely, as on his first visit to the United States, did he unduly disturb his after-dinner audiences. He was prepared on that journey at least to pass from praise of the sturdy hands and equally sturdy hearts of American pioneers – and generalities about his own 'moral creed' – to the controversial intricacies of international copyright. In a number of speeches delivered at the annual general meetings of the Royal Literary Fund he appeared in the unusual role of a rebel, seeking to reorganise the Fund so that it should be managed entirely by authors in the interests of authors. Although he and his friends failed in this effort, it remained close to his heart. He resented 'the impertinence of patronage', and wished to make authorship a respectable profession instead of a precarious branch of journalism. If he succeeded as no author has done before or since in combining a reputation as writer, speaker and public personality, it is because he believed passionately in the duties and status of independent professional writers

This belief inspired his chief private cause. For the most part, however, he figures in this volume as a spokesman of public causes – causes which were known to be good by a very considerable number of his contemporaries. He was not a pioneer blazing a trail but a man of good will appealing to other people's good will. He supported the cause of public health, of adult education, of concern for art and artists, of freedom of the press, of administrative reform and of insurance for the needy. None of these good causes lacked enemies but, equally important, none of them lacked friends. The dinners attended by Dickens were usually arranged by these friends. Dickens was supremely successful not so much in directing their attention to prob-

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lems and opportunities which they had not known of before as in winning their assent and quickening their energies. He knew as well as they did that apathy was usually a more formidable barrier to progress than open opposition, and he rallied their support by identifying their feelings with his own. 'I work at all times, in plain sincerity, to do my duty by my countrymen'.

Of course, the nineteenth century of all centuries needed a great public figure of this kind, a man who could spotlight the century's good causes. Dickens praised most of the achievements of his age and the spirit of self-help which guided it, but he took it to be 'as clearly established as the existence of the sun, moon and stars' that 'our public progress is far behind our private progress and that we are not more remarkable for our private wisdom and success in matters of business than we are for our public folly and failure'. Much of the history of the 1850's is a commentary on this theme. It was then that the political, social and ideological differences of the earlier nineteenth century became blurred, and benevolence came into its own. At the same time there was a lack of individual security and a recognition of the continued need for 'improvement'. Dickens began his career as a public speaker in the 1840's – he attended enough dinners to give new meaning to the phrase 'Hungry Forties' – but it was during the 1850's that he reached his peak.

Against this background it is not surprising that Dickens preached no ideology, avoided politics, and appealed for union between the classes. One phrase occurs time and time again in his speeches – 'neutral ground'. Dickens was happy that the dinners where he spoke drew together people of different political opinions. He not only referred on several occasions to his own lack of interest in a political career, but welcomed the absence of 'party differences' and 'public animosities' in his audience. In Manchester, for instance, as early as 1843, in the presence of Cobden and Disraeli, he hailed it as 'a most brilliant and beautiful circumstance' that he was on 'neutral ground', as if it were a 'public meeting in the commonwealth of Utopia'. Twenty-six years later in Birmingham he talked again of 'high and pure ground, on which all such [party] considerations should merge into the one, universal, heaven-sent aspiration of the human soul to be wiser and better'. Class hostility should also melt in the interests of 'the general welfare', although Dickens recognised that in England the lines of class difference were 'accurately marked and so very difficult to pass'. This was the message that Dickens was prepared to canvass in public. The impact it made is part of social history.

ASA BRIGGS

In the news!

THE COCKPIT OF FRANCE

Jacques Fauvet (political editor of *Le Monde*). **'The best guide** I know to the intricate figures of French politics. No one who loves France will read it without feeling both wiser and sadder.'

MAURICE EDELMAN, *Sunday Times*
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ROSE MACAULAY

They Were Defeated

'The two peaks of her achievement are *The Towers of Trebizond* and her one historical novel *They Were Defeated*.' *Scotsman*

'A book that will live for ever.'

RICHARD CHURCH *21s*

Collins

Drayneflete-on-Cam

Inventory of the City of Cambridge. *HMSO for the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments.* 2 vols. *5 gns.*

It's fantastic, when you stop to think, that Cambridge, our second provincial university and long one of the twin heads of our body cultural, has spent half a millennium acquiring an architectural garmentation only marginally better than any ordinary common-or-Betjeman township of comparable size and weight. Yet, take away King's Chapel, Trinity Library and most of Downing quad, and the bulk of what is left justifies attention – whatever the partisans of Gibbs may say – only on the level of 'It *must* be good, it's medieval.'

As a result, the extension from 1714 to 1850 of the terms of reference of the Royal Commission's studies has had a far less beneficial effect on the Cambridge *Inventory* than a comparable extension had upon the second St Mary Lambeth volume of the *Survey of London*. But I think the difference goes much deeper than subject-matter. In spite of a similar use of faded engravings and pansy typography on the wrapper, what is inside the *Inventory* still lags a long way behind the reformed *Survey* in outlook and presentation methods. It is customary when praising the *Survey* to contrast it favourably with earlier volumes done 'in the Walter Godfrey epoch' – a pat on the back that cannot be administered to the *Inventory* since Mr Godfrey's name appears among the signatories of the report that accompanies it.

However, it would probably be unfair to hold him alone responsible for the dusty air of an older dispensation that pervades the whole work, the collector's approach that embalms its subject. All right, so it's a learned inventory, but so is the *Survey*, and in the *Survey* South London unexpectedly lives, the great rambling parish that reaches down to the Crystal Palace grows and fills up with bricks and mortar as you read. But the *Inventory*, having neatly potted the growth of Cambridge in its opening chapters, then kills its historical dynamics by devoting 32 pages to a protracted photographic gloat over all the pretty things the town contains – bits of stained glass, ceremonial chairs, bookcases, maces, staircases and (how did you guess?) 'Miscellanea (Medieval)' – all torn out of their natural homes and the contexts where they make architectural sense.

Also, the medievalist prejudice of establishment antiquarianism puts a heavy hand – heavier than the weight of subject-matter justifies – on the whole study. The work opens under the sign of Gothic with a detail from King's Chapel, surely the most old-fashioned building being erected by any European monarch after 1500, whatever Wordsworth may have done for its reputation since, and closes with four pages of details of Gothic mouldings from all over the town. Such performances as the last might have made sense in the days when the function of architectural history was to provide crib-book examples for copying, but now that the study has been brought to heel and belongs with the rest of history under the grand general tetralogue of Who-What-When-Where, the correct place for these prettily-drawn details is under the separate buildings to which each belongs, which each helps to explain.

When all this has been said, of course, the scholarship and accuracy of the *Inventory* are beyond challenge, and it will be of immense value as a source-book for more interesting works. The authors might claim, too, that they have done what they were commissioned to do, and vulgarisation was not in their brief. But I am not asking here for a 'Stones of Cambridge' nor yet 'I was a Teenage Fan-vaulter.' Simply we know that there is a better way of presenting scholarship of this sort now, and have a right to expect it.

REYNER BANHAM

The Second Munich

The Communist Subversion of Czechoslovakia 1938-1948. By JOSEF KORBEL. *Oxford: Princeton.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Czechoslovakia is the only country of Western character, democratic and industrial, which has been brought under Communist rule. The *coup* of February 1948 ended the first period of co-existence, and gave the signal for the cold war. The record needs investigating, and has indeed been investigated more than once. Mr Korbel has accumulated valuable material, and presents it with clarity. He adds one more proof to the old demonstration that Communists have no principle or belief except the seizure of power by their party. They keep no bargain, betray their closest associates, leap from one extreme to the other. The Czech Communists paraded their loyalty to the Republic at the time of Munich; switched round to collaboration with the Germans after the Nazi-Soviet Pact; and again claimed a monopoly of patriotism when Hitler invaded Russia. Sometimes they denounced Benes as the agent of bourgeois imperialism; sometimes they praised him to the skies. There is ground for believing that they betrayed Czech agents, sent from the West, to the Germans; and in the concentration camps they put Czech democrats on the lists for the gas-chambers. After the war, they used revived democracy to strengthen their own position; then, once they were strong enough, overthrow it. It is impossible ever to co-operate with Communists or to trust them. Anyone who still needs convincing of this should read Mr Korbel's book.

Nevertheless, it is not satisfactory as a work of history. It describes the Communist plans. It fails to explain why they were not resisted. After all, the Communists had the same plans in France or Italy (as for that matter they

have in this country). Yet here they have not succeeded. What made the difference? Was it solely the presence of the American army? This was part of the answer. Czech democracy was betrayed by the Western Powers after the war as it had been before it – though this time more from miscalculation than from design. But there was also weakness within. It is hard to examine this in a detached way. It seems like kicking our own friends when they are down. Perhaps therefore it is better not to discuss the story at all. But, if it is done, then it demands a franker treatment of the restored Czechoslovak democracy. The largest pre-war party was banned; the democratic parties themselves insisted on a coalition government in which the Communists took first place; there was a myth of united patriotic resistance during the war instead of a recognition of collaboration. The Czech politicians, from Benes downwards, had an unshakeable faith in their own skill. They were confident that they could manoeuvre out of any difficult position. Hence the crisis of February 1948 was touched off by the democratic ministers, not by the Communists. Even now Mr Korbel cannot establish whether the Communists deliberately planned a seizure of power at all; and the evidence is still lacking to explain Soviet Russia's part. Communists obviously walk through a door when it is opened to them. They are less likely to kick against a door which is closed. This, quite as much as the American troops, explains why de Gaulle succeeded where Benes failed. A country is unfortunate when it needs a de Gaulle; but, needing one, it is lucky to find him.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Sense of the Past

Truth and Opinion. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Collins.* 16s.

Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Cambridge.* 25s.

Half of the essays in *Truth and Opinion* are about the way history should be written, and the contrasting claims of art and science, sympathy and judgement. Miss Wedgwood acknowledges no real conflict: 'History is an art like any other science.' She thinks historians work in much the same way as more imaginative writers; and, although conscious of the dangers of historicism and romanticism, she wants history to be written with insight, and even with passion. On the other hand she condemns the arrogance of historians who devise 'vast philosophies explaining the past, present and future of man'; but says that, since there is such a demand for these philosophies, 'it is evidently more dangerous to leave it unsatisfied than to satisfy it . . The position can only be restored and held, as Acton saw, by the insistence on a moral standard.' But how do we determine that moral standard? Again, elsewhere, in defence of the How as against the Why of history, Miss Wedgwood asks: 'Is not the intelligent reader of history, like the intelligent reader of poetry or novels, able to take the points for himself, without underlining, repetition and summing up?' But this begs all the questions: what are the real points? and what are we to do with them?

The remaining essays are studies in both How and Why. There is a detailed and vivacious account of the last masque played at the court of Charles I. We read how common people fared during the Civil War;

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how a gentlemanly highwayman was hanged, on a charge of treason, under the Commonwealth; what can be learnt about society under Charles I from a study of contemporary plays. One essay deals with Scotland from 1603 to 1640, and analyses the reasons for the King's loss of authority there; another discusses the causes of the Civil War, moving neatly, if conventionally, between the opposed points of learned controversy.

In her Clark Lectures, *Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts*, Miss Wedgwood is chiefly answering the question What. She describes, with many telling quotations, the political poetry of the century, and sets it against the background of public events. She shows how these events helped to change some of the patterns of poetry; she refers to, but does not explore, the way in which some of the verses ('Lilliburlero' is the obvious example) may even have helped to change the pattern of events. She is – very sensibly and helpfully – not afraid to point a few morals as she goes, and to add a useful summing-up: she explains many political allusions, not only in minor poets, but in Marvell and Milton too; she draws attention to the changes of mood and manner in the different periods and between the two sides; in particular, she underlines points which even the most intelligent reader might not, perhaps, be expected to take fully for himself – for example, the reasons for courtly hyperbole, and the growing divergence between popular and sophisticated poetry, accompanied by the slackening of idealism. She likes idealists, and can be severe towards the disillusioned: she condemns, for example, the Brechtian lines of Brome as 'sour little songs, eloquent of bitterness which, in the end, lacks all nobility and degenerates into an ill-tempered sneer:

> That side is always right that's strong
> And that that's beaten must be wrong;
> And he that thinks it is not so
> Unless he's sure to beat them too
> Is but a fool to oppose 'em.'

Nor does she spare the living: 'Not to be familiar with *Absalom and Achitophel* is not to be educated'. This is a harsh saying, and likely to widen that famous gulf between the two cultures; but Miss Wedgwood's charm of manner and clarity of exposition (or, as she might prefer to phrase it, her art and her science) are such that the common reader is easily persuaded that he is as learned and perceptive as Miss Wedgwood herself.

C. S. BENNETT

US Culture Hero

Freud: The Mind of the Moralist. By PHILIP RIEFF. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

I never read an American appreciation of Freud, even a sane one like this, without remembering how he loathed America. The aversion he took to it on his only visit in 1909 never left him. At this time he became quite petulant and crusty: everything was wrong; the food didn't suit him; the natives couldn't even understand their own language. Afterwards he never had a good word for the place. America was gigantic all right, but a gigantic mistake. It would never be any good until the Negroes took it over. Meanwhile its only function was to provide money to support European culture—an attitude, wrote Dr Ernest Jones in his own autobiography, 'that was to create many difficulties for me in my role of mediating between America and Europe.'

Was it just a typical European intellectual's prejudice against hustle and commercialism, or did he perhaps fear that America might be going to give him the kiss of death, adulterate his doctrine while espousing it? In America today, as we know and as Mr Rieff tells us, his intellectual influence is greater than that of any other modern thinker. He is the culture hero. Mr Rieff thinks this is a good omen, a sign of American liberalism and self-criticism. No doubt it is, partly anyway, though it may also be due to a superstitious, semi-magical way of thinking, a Freud-our-Saviour reaction. Not in Mr Rieff's case, though. He is a highly educated and distinguished young American sociologist who has made a most thorough study of Freud's writings and written a long and interesting discursive essay on them from the point of view implied in his title.

His aim, he tells us, is 'to show the mind of Freud as it derives lessons on the right conduct of life from the misery of living it.' He is not himself a psychoanalyst and does not seem to have much first-hand acquaintance with the Protean unconscious, but he is strongly sympathetic to Freud's own particular brand of integrated stoicism. Sometimes he is quite sharp in defending him from the blue-sky band of American neo-Freudians. These, he says, with their 'goals of "actualising," or "realising" our full potentialities for "productiveness," "maturity," "freedom," "spontaneity," conceal a wholesale sacrifice of what is challenging and serious in the Freudian insights.' He himself sees Freud as 'the first completely irreligious moralist, a moralist without even a moralising message.'

Towards the fundamental discoveries his attitude is really much the same, only politely expressed, as the philistine but by no means irrational 'So what?' He points out that 'Freud's profound and original insights leave us more than ever strangers to ourselves and that even if we know more we realise how little our knowledge matters . . . No ultimate advice may be expected from Freud. His is a very intimate wisdom, tailored to this patient and that occasion.' True enough. Even so, Mr Rieff is rather too inclined to interpret philosophically one or two key Freudian concepts that derive from individual situations. Ambivalence, for instance. This is not to be understood, as he seems to imply by imputing 'a dialectic' to Freud (he is rather fond of doing that), as a synthesis of love and hate. It means that the two emotions may follow each other in rapid succession, like an alternating current, and can exist side by side in the unconscious attached to the same object. It is a feature of the Freudian unconscious – Freud, incidentally, was antipathetic to Hegelianism – that it should be a special territory where opposites do not interpenetrate and time stands still.

In general Mr Rieff is accurate and respectful. He stays close to Freud's text of which some of his book is almost a paraphrase. He is balanced and does not make too much of Freud's inconsistencies. His sociologist's preoccupation with history's quick scenic changes does not blind him to Freud's emphasis on culture as a framework of longer duration, the theatre itself, and he is very cautious about answering or not answering snap questions such as how much the decline of prudery between New York now and Vienna at the turn of the century invalidates Freud's findings and his critique of society. Sometimes he writes like a brilliant undergraduate setting out to titillate his doting tutor. Once he sees Freud as 'the Bentham

of the unenfranchised unconscious: what he brought into the realm of legitimacy, he also brought to responsibility.' In his final chapter, called, rather typically, 'The Emergence of Psychological Man,' he views the world as the emergent democracy of the sick and the hospital – he really means the mental hospital – 'as succeeding the church and the parliament as the archetypal institution of Western Culture.' About his own prescription he is inclined to be cagey and to dodge behind an academic smokescreen, but he is very well worth reading, a genuine stimulator though not perhaps a startling original.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Short Stories

Friday's Footprint. By NADINE GORDIMER. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Gold and Sand. By JAMES ALDRIDGE. *Bodley Head.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Blackberry Wilderness. By SYLVIA BERKMAN. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Nobody Knows What the Stork Will Bring. By CHARLES CRISWELL. *Hutchinson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

An Aspidistra in Babylon. By H. E. BATES. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

To be in the race at all, of course, you must have *cleverness* (which all these books possess), a lightning mind, a slow remorseless eye, a sad and knowing view of human relationships. Humaneness and a large intelligence have never made much difference to the craft: some of the all-time masters have been cranky, spiteful, perverse, or persistently *enfant terrible*. And yet – when all those special short-story skills are turned, intelligently, on the main stream of human happenings, the effect can be very strong.

On points – range, theme, quality of writing – the South African Miss Nadine Gordimer comes to the front of the lot. Her manner is not the impressionistic but rather the other sort current today, the accumulative one: a careful amassing of detail towards the climax. The tales suggest that every course in life can be tracked back to a single point in time, and this is the point that the mind, in its backward pictures, pursues. A meticulous emphasis on detail gives these moments a disturbing force – drowned arms thrust through the iron bedstead that sank the ferry boat; the planned, significant courses of a dinner; the clothes worn on a crocodile hunt. *Nobody knows what the other is thinking* might be the central motto of *Friday's Footprint*, but it is applied to more than domestic settings. Or, it may be that the domestic setting is an image for something larger, as in *A Thing of the Past*, a finely told tale about a family lingering on in Cairo after the upheaval. But it is hard to choose one above the next in this rich book.

In *Gold and Sand*, an often brilliant collection, James Aldridge demonstrates his uncommon facility for by-passing the expected without ever losing the main track. His tales, unlike some others in this list, are clear of ghosts, eccentrics, dreams, or even holidays, those idle sessions when the business of life seems suspended. If there are lovers and husbands, these roles are only in the incidental background. What he doesn't keep back, for all his sharp dry surface, is compassion. Though he has a journalist's range of scene (Egypt, Australia, wartime Finland) he observes with something more than the journalist's quick selective eye. These stories show to a high degree the Kiplingesque trick of deliberate *factual* detail: the price per foot of a film, the workings of a gun or plane, the words of a Christmas service in hospital, yet these details turn out to be absolute necessities of the story. The service brutally drowns the dying noise of a prisoner. And an injured man has to direct his ten-year-old son, almost a stranger to him, how to fly the plane to base. An underwater photographer, mauled by a shark, weighs up the cost of losing the film against the waiting boy's fear on the beach.

If Mr Aldridge seems to write almost wilfully as a man, the author of *Blackberry Wilderness* is, no less evidently, a woman. It is not usually necessary to make this distinction, but here it makes itself. Miss Berkman writes very skilfully, though in that curiously *learnt* way that seems in itself a national mark of Americans. Atmosphere is her commodity – rain in Paris, autumn in Rome, the grief of spring; all forms of solitude – the deserted wife, the weak husband, the student alone in a foreign city, the invalid, the misunderstood. This does hint at a fairly dangerous ancestor, genetically speaking – Katherine Mansfield. There are differences, however. Miss Berkman is (as befits her time) at once more obscure, more complex and more tough. Dreams, too, provide a considerable part of her machinery. This is not unusual in a world – she is, as I said, an American – so occupied with its own unconscious. But one feels as well that these dreams provide an extra dimension of landscape for the foiled descriptive writer obedient to the discipline of the tale. (Matthew Arnold did much the same thing with the lengthy, beautiful, irrelevant images in *Sohrab and Rustum*.) Miss Berkman is well aware of her manner,

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its charm, its limitations, its perplexities, and in the title-story quaintly offers the reader a key Here, a prim, elderly teacher recalls the sensitive child who later became a writer, and whose stories she does not understand. 'I've never before had a glimpse into the immediate raw substance a writer draws upon,' reflects this lady. 'It makes you ponder the whole nature of truth.'

> Her stories trouble me; I find them very strange. The atmosphere is often effective, and certain passages are excellent; but she gives the reader nothing actual to grasp – they seem all mood . . She seems to be diving *under* the knowledge that she has, and she expects the reader to go down under with her too.

Very well put. 'All mood', however – that useful phrase might, in a very different way, be used for Mr Criswell's volume *Nobody Knows What the Stork Will Bring*. Really, this is a much better book than it seems. The tricksy air of the blurb suggests that its author is not only a verbal Charles Addams but a funny man as well. The stories are grim enough, to be sure, but heartbreakingly so, if readers had hearts to break; only one of those cinema-hyenas who screech at unlikely moments would find a laugh in them. Most have a family setting: mother and son, brother and sister. A ghost appears in one; madness and death are never far away. But in a sharp sort of fashion these tales have distinction; sometimes the shade of Saki might be hovering. He too condensed his effects, gave prominence to lonely little boys, had a bitter trust of older female relatives. The most effective tales are certainly those about children. The appalling title-story relates how a girl finds a way of discovering what the adults refuse to tell her. Another tells of the painful jealousy felt by a boy for the attention given to his retarded brother. Most frightful, perhaps, is *The Hobby*, in which the mother, with awful innocence, hands on the dead father's room, his 'den', to the boy. It is filled with pornographic books. 'The den's his now. Ed was always so funny about that little old room . . '

Mr H. E. Bates can turn out a high-grade story so often and so easily that he is quite a marvel. If we did not know what he was hiding out of sight in the hedgerows – all those old men and ripe wenches – we might possibly marvel less. I suppose he still keeps too close to his people to be comfortable: they have to be touched and smelt, all blemishes looked at hard, but after all, he is not alone in that. *An Aspidistra in Babylon* shows him, indeed, in one of his more acceptable manners. It is made up of four novellas, as he calls them. A girl in a garrison town falls in love with a slick, fortyish Captain on the make, and is saved from a double disaster by the jolly Batesian maid. Another is a comedy of courtship, very well done, between a middle-aged English couple in Italy. A third deals with a victim husband, a fruit farmer, ready, twenty years later, to make the same mistake; the fourth is a Gauguin melodrama – white man, native girl in Tahiti. On the whole, a little more Babylon than aspidistra, but the aspidistra wins. Every time.

NAOMI LEWIS

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D. W. BROGAN, *The Guardian*

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WALTER TAPLIN, *Observer* 21s.

Hutchinson

Old and Low

Aristophanes: Ladies' Day. Translated by DUDLEY FITTS. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Fantastic, sexy, satirical, the Old Comedy is more like an *avant-garde* musical than anything else in the 2360 years since it was censored out of existence. However, this particular play is saved from being pretty flat by a roistering obscenity that isn't likely to be acceptable again in the theatre, for it belongs to a male world of physical discomfort we now enter only for war or recreation. That is why it has survived in the roaring songs of sailors and footballers. It fulfils a male need for comfort about castration and it discounts homosexuality. The Athenians had been at war for twenty years; furthermore obscenity at the *Dionysia* had a religious sanction, though I doubt if anyone still felt it would make the corn come up.

The *Thesmophoriazusae*, Women-at-the-festival-of-Persephone, short title *Ladies' Day*, was written immediately after *Lysistrata*. Although the no-sex no-war joke was played out, Aristophanes saw there was more fun to be had from a women's assembly; and as the inventor of burlesque he fell for another slap at Euripides. So he brings the tragedian on the stage to hear that the women of Athens are going to use their inviolably female festival to vote him to death for maligning them in his plays. He persuades his father-in-law Mnesilochus to plead for him. For this Mnesilochus must be depilated and transvestitised in a smother of homosexual jokes, and of course detected and undressed by the women in a flurry of straight ones.

Pansy jokes are piled on by hauling in the famous Kleisthenes ('I've been mad about women all my life') who is accepted as herself at the women's assembly. Euripides procures the release of Mnesilochus by bribing a policeman with a dancing-girl in a scene which would get Mr Fitts locked up if he were not translating Aristophanes.

There is some genuine feeling in the lines in which women ask for a more dignified place in society; otherwise the social comment is mainly confined to some remarks on the prevalence of that precursor of AID – 'the midwife smuggles a brat in'. Parody of Euripides is sporadic throughout, and there are two moderately funny burlesque scenes. Even if the play doesn't deserve more than the second prize it got, it is the richest surviving example of what Louis MacNeice called 'the bumfun and the gags' and worth Mr Fitts's trouble in translating it. He is cleverly energetic with tags from Eng. Lit. for the parody, and manages the rest with the lucidity and aplomb we now expect of him.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Ethiopia Up and Down

Ethiopia. By JEAN DORESSE. Translated by ELSA COULT. *Elek*. 35*s*.

The Ethiopians. By EDWARD ULLENDORFF. *Oxford*. 30*s*.

Now that coach-travel brochures tell the tripper how to 'discover the sun' in Turkey or the Crimea, the would-be traveller has to keep off the beaches and make a dash for the heart of continents. Tibet is out, but Afghanistan, Bolivia and Ethiopia are still open to him, and here are two guide-books to the last.

That by M. Doresse is much the more exciting. He is the Louvre's expert on Coptic Christian art, and was lent to Ethiopia to found its archaeology department. He tells its extraordinary history by describing its monuments, and both his photographs and his letterpress (which is very well translated) convey that notion of plunging from heights to depths that is typical not only of its long-lived dynasty but of its topography. Up and down we go, taking in our stride votive thrones of antiquity still used in the coronation ceremony, medieval rock-churches which it would be 'impossible to imitate except in reinforced concrete', and whatever else has survived a wild climate and the pitiless wars of two millennia.

Ethiopia is the land of Sheba and Candace, Prester John and Rasselas, and the archaeologist is better able than most to measure how much substance there is behind each legend, and how much each owes to romancing. There have been plenty of people with good reason to exaggerate – Abyssinian monks seeking status in Jerusalem, medieval Europeans who did not penetrate the highlands, but added to embroidery they picked up on the Nile or in Arabia, and Crusaders whose wishful thinking built up a portrait of a powerful African fellow-Christian who would smite the infidel in the rear. M. Doresse comes nearer than any previous writer to illuminating all these matters for the ordinary reader.

Dr Ullendorff is an expert on language and custom, and sets out to describe the people. Now Professor of Semitic Languages at Manchester, he has spent some years in Ethiopia; but he is less expert than M. Doresse at conveying enthusiasm on to paper. His book is informative and scrupulously accurate, and a good guide to source and reference material, but it is unleavened with those little personal observations that bring a peculiar scene to life. Footnote for those lucky enough to visit Addis Ababa at the expense of ECA: he provides a small but useful glossary.

ELIZABETH MONROE

COMPANY MEETING

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NATIONALISATION - RUINOUS DOCTRINE REJECTED BY ELECTORATE
A NOTE OF WARNING ON POTENTIAL THREAT
FINANCING DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

The Seventieth Annual General Meeting of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, was held on February 10th in the Merchants' Hall, 30, George Square, Glasgow.

The Chairman, Mr. A. G. Stewart, presided and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me much pleasure to address this, the Seventieth Annual General Meeting of the Company. As in previous years, I assume you will take the Notice of the Meeting as read, and I will, therefore, ask the Secretary to read the Auditors' Report."

After the Auditors' Report had been read the Chairman continued:

"A copy of the Directors' Report was contained in the copy of the Accounts circulated to each shareholder on the 14th January. My Statement was also included with the Accounts. I assume you will take these all as read (agreed).

I am now going, therefore, to propose the Resolution to adopt the Report and Accounts. If you have any questions arising out of the Accounts, would you ask these immediately after the Resolution has been proposed and seconded. When this Resolution has been dealt with, I shall continue with the other formal business of the meeting and after that, I propose to refer to the trading experience of the current year and to the subject of nationalisation, and one or two other matters. I suggest, therefore, that any questions you have on these subjects should be raised at that stage in the proceedings."

After the Report and Accounts had been adopted, the dividend recommendation approved, the retiring Directors re-elected and the remuneration of the Auditors approved, the Chairman continued:

Current Trading Position

"The improvement in the home trade and in the general export trade to which I referred in my Statement issued with the Accounts, and which was prepared in December last, has been well maintained and future trading prospects remain good. These sections normally account for two-thirds of Stewarts and Lloyds' steel tube production.

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The position so far as our trade with the Oil Companies is concerned is unfortunately not as satisfactory. My Statement with the Report and Accounts showed that despatches to the Oil Industry in the last financial year were 41% lower than in 1957/58. I can say that other European tubemakers have had a similar experience in their exports for the Oil Industry.

As to the future, the present indications are that the tonnage which the Oil Industry will take from us during the current financial year will show a distinct improvement on the very low figures for 1959 but it will probably be some time before the demand which we previously anticipated, and for which we have provided specialised equipment, materialises.

Nationalisation

By a very clear majority the advocates of nationalisation were rejected by the electors in October last, and although their defeat was on a comprehensive programme, there seems to be general agreement that the advocacy of this unjustified and ruinous doctrine was one of the main causes of their defeat.

We have, during the last two years, made every effort to refute publicly the accusations levelled by the advocates of nationalisation — entirely false accusations of monopoly and inefficiency, of self-seeking at the nation's expense, of reckless pursuit of profits, of failure to exploit foreign markets and of excessively high prices to the home consumer — all aggravated the difficulties with which we were faced at a time of a marked fall in the demand for our products. Not only did they tend to affect our trading but also our recruitment and relations with our employees. The feeling of insecurity about the future made it increasingly difficult to raise the large sums of capital required for the development needed to keep the Company abreast or ahead of its competitors in this country and abroad.

There is no doubt that our efforts, and those of others, were successful in helping to raise this question of nationalisation from being a minor issue in politics to its proper place as a vitally important issue in the industrial and economic life of the nation, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the many people, not only shareholders and employees, but also other members of the public who have given their encouragement and support.

Since last October, the general opinion may be gaining ground that the threat of nationalisation has gone for good and all. I would, however, sound a note of warning. What, in fact, is the position today? It is quite clear that the advocates of nationalisation have not accepted the verdict of the electorate, and whether nationalisation of the Iron and Steel Industry, and indeed, of many other industries, shall remain part of the Socialist programme is undecided. It may be that no definite decision will be taken for two or three years, and even then the position may not be clarified.

I believe that private enterprise must continue to be watchful and I would express the hope that if the threat should arise again, private enterprise should react to it more quickly and more forcefully than it did to the recent threat.

Finance

The efficient financing of our development plans will depend on freedom from uncertainties on this question of nationalisation. As will have been seen from the published Accounts our outstanding capital expenditure schemes at the end of the financial year amounted to nearly £19 million.

But we must continue to spend capital on many varied items of development, plant and machinery to keep ourselves up-to-date and to expand our production. As an indication of this, you will have seen reference in my Statement with the Accounts to the consideration that is being given to the further expansion of our capacity.

It will be our intention, as hitherto, to finance our capital expenditure substantially out of retained profits and we shall also continue to make use, from time to time, of the facilities offered to us by our Bankers. We intend, however, as previously, at appropriate times to ask for the support of our shareholders in the raising of additional money. There is no intention of any such approach at present but we have thought it desirable to ask you to agree to an increase in our authorised capital from £40 million to £60 million at an Extraordinary General Meeting to be held after this meeting. At the present time, our issued capital is within £3 million of our authorised capital and I am sure you will agree that this is an insufficient margin for a company of our size.

Following the Rights Issue, the final instalment of which was received last month, it is estimated that we shall have about 27,000 shareholders on our register. This compares with 12,000 following denationalisation in June, 1954. It has not yet been possible to prepare an analysis of shareholdings but it is encouraging to note how the interest of the small investor in the Company is increasing. It may also interest shareholders to know that the Stewarts and Lloyds Group has at the present time over 40,000 employees in the United Kingdom.

Conclusion

In conclusion, may I say that a great opportunity is opening up before us. Let us hope that we are left alone to carry on our task of serving the country without interference or obstruction by the dogma of any political party."

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Board for their efforts in withstanding nationalisation, and for their conduct of the Company's affairs during that time, and in a period of difficult trading conditions.

At the Extraordinary General Meeting which followed the Annual General Meeting a resolution was passed authorising an increase in the Authorised Capital from £40 million to £60 million by the creation of 20 million unclassified shares of £1 each.

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Oxford Paperbacks

The latest heavyweight paperbacks are the Galaxy, an enterprise of the Oxford University Press, New York. Most of the books originated from the Oxford Press – New York or London – but some, like *Chaucer: Modern Essays In Criticism* (edited by Edward Wagenknecht, 15s), have been specially prepared for the series. Other literary works are F. O. Matthiessen's *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot* (12s 6d), C. S. Lewis's *The Allegory of Love* (13s 6d), essays on *Eighteenth-Century English Literature*, edited by James L. Clifford (15s), and on *Interpretation of American Literature* edited by Charles Feidelson Jr and Paul Brodtkorb Jr (15s); and *The Ballad of Tradition* by Gordon Hall Gerould (15s). There are two sociological studies by C. Wright Mills – *The Power Elite* (12s 6d) and *White Collar* (10s 6d) – Herbert J. Muller's *The Uses of the Past* (13s 6d), C. Vann Woodward's *Strange Career of Jim Crow* (9s) and A. S. Turberville's *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century* (15s).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,565 **Set by Cherokee**

It is rumoured that when Clause 4 of the Labour Party Constitution has been suitably re-drafted the re-thinkers will turn their attention to the re-writing of Socialist literature. The usual prizes are offered for one verse of a re-written Blake's *Jerusalem*, Carpenter's *England Arise* or *The Red Flag*.

Entries by 1 March.

Result of No. 1,562 **Set by L. Clarendon**

Competitors are invited to compose a lullaby for a 1960 baby.

Report

This competition proved something of a disappointment to its setter. Where were the famous infants of 1960? Overlooked, it seems, for sputniks, atom bombs, tranquillisers and sitters-in. E. O. Parrott was alone in offering a cradle song to the Palace; and *le petit* Bardot and Master Dors can yell their heads off for all NS readers care. However, I should enjoy hearing J. S. Phillips murmuring:

> Gilt-edged slumbers kiss your eyes,
> Blue chips awake you when you rise.

F. Whitehead's prosperity-state quatrain was neat; H. A. C. Evans's baby (with sugar daddy) was certainly not born this year.

The prize-money is shared among the entrants (appropriately all women) whose lullabies follow. Commended are Eileen M. Haggitt, Mary Horton, H. Richards, C. R. McEwen, R. A. McKenzie and Brock.

Rushaby baby on the tea-tray,
See the sad stars step out of your way!
Rushaby baby, faster than light,
When the day goes, then where was the night?
Moon, moon, we're coming soon,
To scrape off your rind with a silvery spoon!

Rushaby tea-tray on the sea-sky,
When the spoon scrapes the saucers may fly.
Fly away Peter, Fly away Paul!
When the moon breaks, then may the sky fall!
Steep, steep, dive for the deep,
Faster and faster and fall fast asleep!

HAZEL ARCHARD

Dors, Dors, mon petit Dors,
Mama's the biggest of box-office draws,
Faint sounds your lullaby through the applause,
Dors, Dors, mon petit Dors.

Dors, Dors, mon petit Dors,
Don't dream of sputniks or nuclear wars,
Mealtimes are everything – politics bores.
Dors, Dors, mon petit Dors.

Dors, Dors, mon petit Dors,
Babies when tiny are quite without flaws.
(Shame they must grow into breakers of laws!)
Dors, Dors, mon petit Dors.

JANET KERSLEY

Hush! Little beatnik, don't say a word.
Poppa's gonna buy you an apartheid bird;
And if that bird don't learn to talk,
Poppa's gonna buy you some vaccine salk;

And if that dope don't do the trick,
Poppa's gonna buy you a new sputnik;
And if that toy don't have a beep,
Poppa's gonna buy a skiffle-group cheap;
And if that skiffle is real gone square,
Poppa's gonna buy you an electric chair;
And if that chair don't do you down,
You'll still be the beatest little baby in town.

FIONA MACDONALD

(Sung by a 1960 grandfather who, considering the present craze for teenage weddings, is probably still under forty)

Rock 'n' roll baby in the pre-fab.,
Dad's doing nuclear tests in the lab.,
Mummy is modelling sweaters and pants,
Granny is hiking from Brum to Penzance.
Dimple, dimple, little chap,
If you're good and take your nap,
One day you shall learn to fly
In a sputnik round the sky.
Rock 'n' roll baby should never be bid
For fear of frustrating his ego or Id,
But, please, will you try to lie still in your pram,
'Cos fall-out is prone to be lethal, my lamb.

RHODA TUCK POOK

City Lights

John Bull and Europa's

If the dollar is not quite what it used to be, it is partly because the US is now exporting more private capital than ever before; Wall Street is more important than ever, and the sudden change of mood, which has pushed Wall Street prices down by a cool ten per cent in the past month, has been quickly caught by a fashion-conscious Europe. Here, Mr Cobbold has played the wet blanket more opportunely and more effectively than in the autumn. In a speech last week, the first since the rise in Bank Rate and reported on the same day as the rise in railwaymen's wages, he argued that international changes in interest rates were now more important than before but that he would prefer to see some loss in reserves rather than merely follow changes made by other countries for their own particular reasons; he suggested that the increase in Bank Rate had been intended as a warning signal and that other, more restrictive measures would be taken if it seemed necessary; he deplored the risks run by the small investor (who is this mythical, football-pool monster?) in an atmosphere where a purchase of equities is thought certain to bring an automatic capital profit – an atmosphere he thought mainly due to the fact that too much money was chasing too few first-class issues. If prices rise and go on rising, of course, demand must be exceeding supply, but Mr Cobbold meant more than that. The present boom began at a time when the big institutional investors, who can afford to wait, were already buying earnings rather than immediate dividend and when the long-term private investor was already learning to buy blue-chips and hold on to them; this in itself gave the blue-chips a scarcity value and an excellent record, which encouraged the new investors – small funds, small capitalists, unit trusts and foreigners – to drive up the prices of the same handful of stocks disproportionately further. The same tendency has been marked in the US and throughout Europe, every tourist crowding around the largest, most familiar Baedeker mention; the rise in prices has been concentrated on the stock market elite. But Mr Cobbold, one imagines, had another point in mind. The easy credit conditions which have financed a consumer boom for the past year have also helped to finance a stock exchange boom; not only has easy credit helped to increase the demand for shares and quick profits, it has also tempted firms of all sizes to defer raising permanent new capital until expansion became a demonstrable necessity. It may be sensible – if you have the faith in permanent growth which British businessmen always profess – to raise capital in advance while it is still cheap, but finance directors, like punters, prefer to herd together and rush into the market together when it is just too late. A rush of issues over the next few months is likely enough and the effect of the Governor's warning was reinforced by the accident that a £21m issue by Tube Investments and a £5m issue by Phoenix Asurance were announced immediately.

* * *

Somebody is bound to complain, sooner or later, about the way in which Tube Investments raises new capital. The usual method of raising new equity capital is to offer shares at a price some way below the market price of the existing shares; if the market assumes that the old rate of dividend is to be maintained, the company can be sure that its new shares will be taken up. The fact that they are being offered at a bargain price implies that they should be offered first to existing shareholders, who can then choose whether to put up fresh capital at a higher return or to sell their subscription rights to somebody else. The TI method, presumably a gimmick of their financial advisers, is different: it is to offer shareholders one new share at a knock-down price for every share they already hold, forecasting (since few firms could hope to maintain the old dividend on twice the capital) a dividend somewhat higher than half the old rate. In this case the £1 shares were standing at 125s and the dividend was 20 per cent; holders were offered a new share for every old one at 25s, with a forecast dividend of 12½ per cent. The method has three main advantages for the company: it combines the effects of a scrip issue and a rights issue, it raises the new capital extremely cheaply, and it forces shareholders to act. It is this last feature which is objectionable. In the usual case, if a shareholder throws a rights letter into the fire, he loses something, but in this case he finds his dividend cut from 20 to 12½ per cent and the value of his capital correspondingly reduced. The case is nearly as bad for the shareholder who calculates the value of his rights as if this were a normal issue and is misled into blueing a large part of his capital. TI gets its money cheaply – thanks to the stupidity of its owners.

TAURUS

Year of success sets stage for great new expansion

Extracts from the statement by Mr. G. C. R. Eley, C.B.E., Chairman, RICHARD THOMAS & BALDWINS LTD., given at the Annual General Meeting, Thursday, February 11th, 1960.

Profits up over 25%
Development programme accelerated
New £110,000,000 plant at work by 1962

This is my first report as Chairman of this Company and I would like to commence by paying to its Management, Staff and Workpeople an immediate tribute. In a year of considerable physical difficulties, they have enabled us to achieve an increase in profits of over 25%.

Such a result could only have been achieved by the exercise of determination, ingenuity and wholehearted teamwork. We are fortunate in that we have as Managing Director, Mr. H. F. Spencer, a man of energy, imagination and infectious human qualities; and that he is backed by a body of able and skilled enthusiasts. They are lucky to have the great opportunities for achievement and for hard and exciting work that lie ahead of them in the future. I count myself lucky to be of their company.

FUTURE PROFITS

During the year we spent on capital works over £9½m., mostly on developments at Ebbw Vale, Redbourn, Panteg, our Midland Works and on a new Press Shop in West Wales.

Many of the more difficult additions and modernisations at Ebbw Vale and at other Sections have now been carried out. They should yield us benefits in the current year when we anticipate that our profits, in the absence of circumstances outside our control, should make another substantial advance. In subsequent years, while we are working on our big new development programme, profits should be further supplemented by earnings from other new plant that will be coming into operation, but interest and depreciation charges will be growing at the same time.

FURTHER OUTLOOK

In 1960 we shall be introducing at Ebbw Vale the L. D. oxygen top-blown steel process, while at Redbourn we are installing a Rotor Furnace for pre-refining. Both these developments will be the first of their kind in the United Kingdom. The new Spencer Works at Llanwern, near Newport, will incorporate the most modern plant and most up-to-date processes including the L. D. oxygen top-blown process of steelmaking. The Company is now the sole licensee for that process in the United Kingdom and in the Commonwealth, excluding Canada and India.

Mr. G. C. R. Eley, C.B.E., Chairman, Richard Thomas & Baldwins Ltd. "Great opportunities for achievement lie ahead."

In many other directions also we are experimenting in the forefront of modern practice. For example, we are considering the installation at our Panteg Works of a large scale experimental plant to pursue the continuous casting of wide slabs in low carbon steel for sheets and tinplate and the production of stainless steel slabs. By the time that we are ready for the further development of our Newport site, we hope that continuous casting may have been sufficiently developed to enable it to play an integral part in the steelmaking process there.

DEVELOPMENT SCHEMES

During the year the Board approved schemes at our Ebbw Vale works for the erection of an additional Electrolytic Tinning Line, the installation of the L. D. process, additional Soaking Pits and an Acid Recovery Plant, totalling in all £7,688,000. Previous schemes at Ebbw Vale had included increasing steel production, repowering the continuous Hot Strip Mill, replacing the 5-Stand Mill and converting the 3-Stand Sheet Mill to a 4-Stand. The new Electrolytic Tinning Line will be of the latest design and suitable for differential tinplate coatings.

A scheme for the erection of a continuous Billet Mill at our Redbourn Works at a cost of £6,703,000 was also sanctioned. In addition, work at Redbourn was continued on last year's schemes for the opening up of a new orefield, enlarging iron production, building a Sinter Plant and installing the Rotor steelmaking process.

Work also went forward satisfactorily at our Panteg Works on schemes for improving the production of stainless steel, including the installation of a Sendzimir Cold Reduction Mill, a new Planishing Mill and new ancillary equipment; while in the Midlands work was completed on a modern plant for the integrated and continuous processing of ultra-low-loss grain-oriented electrical quality sheet and strip.

NEW INTEGRATED PLANT

Considerable though these developments are—and of importance for the future growth of the Company—pride of place must be given to the great new integrated Hot Strip and Cold Reduction Mills which we are installing at Llanwern, near Newport. Named the Spencer Works, in honour of our Managing Director, this Mill was initially planned to produce 1,073,000 ingot tons and to cost approximately £100,000,000. The Ministry of Power agreed to loan us up to a maximum of £60,000,000 for this development.

Since the end of the financial year, we have received the approval of the Iron and Steel Board to increase this scheme so as to achieve an output of 1,400,000 ingot tons and the estimated total cost has risen to about £110,000,000. We have also agreed to accelerate construction of the Spencer Works so that they can come into production by April, 1962, twelve months earlier than originally intended. The Ministry of Power has agreed to increase its loan to the Company to a maximum of £70,000,000 to help in taking care of these new developments.

The Spencer Works is being built on a green field site which will permit of great subsequent expansion. The first stage itself can readily be expanded to produce at least 3,000,000 ingot tons per annum and includes Coke Ovens, Blast Furnaces, L. D. Steel Plant, a Slabbing Mill, a Continuous Hot Strip Mill and a 4-stand Cold Reduction Mill. The Plant and its layout will make it amongst the most up-to-date integrated strip mills in the world.

At this stage I would like particularly to acknowledge the work done by our General Manager of Engineering, his staff and all those throughout the Company who have been engaged on our many development projects.

An agreement has been entered into with The Steel Company of Wales Ltd. to hire-roll for it in the new hot strip mill, when it is in operation, about 400,000 tons of strip per annum. This agreement will run for 5 years and will leave ample capacity to take care of our own planned production and of the next stage of our development.

EXPENDITURE AND FINANCE

During the last five years the Company has spent over £33,000,000 on modernisation and new development. Yet throughout that period, until quite lately, it has been a lender, not a borrower, of money. It will, of course, need to borrow substantially to finance its latest programme, but we estimate that its borrowings should be relatively temporary in character.

TRAINING AND RESEARCH

The Company has been in the forefront in the application of new education and training techniques.

We are, indeed, researchers in the widest sense of the term. We examine new steels, new processes, new products new materials and new equipment. We maintain Research and Productivity Engineering Units. We have an active Economic and Market Research organisation. This is a Company, in fact, with a restless and forward-looking outlook, inquiring but not credulous, tough but humane.

RICHARD THOMAS & BALDWINS LTD., 47, PARK STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Chess Board

No. 536. Pushful Pawns

I might have enhanced the headline's alliterative quality by a reference to promotion, for surely it is that very chance we hope for when fondly contemplating a passed pawn. But there's more to it than that, for long before approaching some immediate chance of queenly grandeur a passed pawn may wield decisive power by dint of its very own dynamic. Here's a neat case in point, a position reached by Caro—yes, him of the Caro-Golombek!—in 1904. /r1b2r2/pp1kt3k/2p4p/1Q2Pppq/2B1p3/7P/PPP2PPB/3RR1K1/. White played (1) RxKt ch, the idea being that . . . BxR would be countered by QxKtP, followed by P-K6. Black hoped to refute the scheme by (1) . . . K-R1, getting out of the threatened pin and leaving two White pieces *en prise*, but he hadn't bargained for that truly pushful pawn. (2) P-K6 !!, PxQ; (3) B-K5 ch, K-Kt1; (4) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (5) P-K7!, R-K1; (6) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (7) R-B8 ch! etc. Here now (quoted by P. Schlensker in his excellent *Schach-Echo* column) is a position achieved by Kotov when Black against Stoltz at Stockholm, 1952. /6r1/pp5k/8/3p3p/5q2/1P3p1B/P4Q1P/5Kt1K/. By Kt-Q2, followed by B-K6 White might have got the better (and certainly not the worst) of it, but he went for a P-snatch, thereby releasing the dynamic potential accumulated in Kotov's KBP. (1) QxRP?, P-B7!: (2) B-Kt2, Q-B6!!, and White resigned since QxP would amount to a mere "spite check" and Kt-K3 would be refuted by . . . RxB etc. Now here's a position where the inherent dynamic of the White pawns seems to be adequately restrained. /6k1/q4pbl/1kt1p3p/1PpPp1p1/2B1Pkt P1/P6P/Q2B1P2/1K4Kt1/. If White were to prepare for the push of his QRP by B-Kt3 he would give Black's QBP the chance of becoming dangerously pushful, so one of the passed pawns had to die for his fellow (1) P-QR4!. Now after . . . QxP and the swop White could incarcerate the Kt by B-R5, hence (1) . . . KtxP; (2) K-B2!, Q-R1; (3) K-Kt3; and after the Q-swop Black must give up his Kt for the surviving passed P. Finally, here (Lee-Teichmann, London, 1901) is a fine example of pushful pawns, either side 1, flexing their muscles. /3r2k1/5rpp/1q2kt3/pb2P3/2pp1P1P/P1R3P1/1P3Q1R/3Kt1K1B/. Now, Teichmann went in for (1) . . . PxR!; (2) QxQ, RxKt ch; (3) K-Kt2, P-B7; (4) QxB, P=Q; (5) Q-K8 ch, Kt-B1; (6) P-K6, R-Kt8 ch. Now Lee blundered by K-B2 and resigned after . . . Q-K8 ch. The proper sequel should have been (7) K-R3, RxP ch; (8) KxR, QxBP ch; (9) K-R3, Q-K6 ch; (10) K-Kt4, R-B5 ch; (11) K-R5, Q-K4.

In tune with his week's *leit-motiv* **A**, the 4-pointer should be easy enough for beginners when considering that in the neat mate in 4 forced by White there was that pushful pawn deciding the issue. **B** is a venerable classic and much too easy for 6 ladder-points if I add the helpful hint that in the principal variation (a mate in 7) the *coup de grâce* is dealt by a pawn. **C** (for 7 points) is also a win and very pretty.

A: Kurt Richter 1940

B: Philip Stamma, 1737: /b1rkr3/2b1pkt2/R2pQ3/2p1Pp2/Kt2P1P1p/1Kt2q1pP/6P1/3B1K2/.

C: C. Dorasil, 1922: /1r4k1/r4p2/4pBpp/1pR1P3/2b1P3/5PKP/1P6/3R4/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 29 February.

REPORT ON NO. 533. Set 30 January

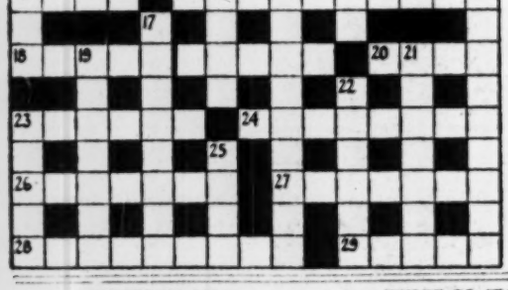
A: (1) PxP, KtxBP ch; (2) K-R8, Kt-K2; (3) P=Q, KtxQ If (2) . . . R-Kt7, (3) P=Q, R-Kt1 ch; (4) QxR, KtxQ; (5) KxKt, K-Kt5; (6) K-B7 K-B6; (7) K-B6 and draws.
If (1) . . . Kt-R3 ch, (2) K-R7, KtxP stalemate.
B: (1) R-Kt3 ch, R-Kt3!; (2) RxR ch, K-B2; (3) B-Q8 ch!, KxB; (4) R-Kt8 ch, K-K2; (5) K-Kt6! etc.
C: (1) B-Kt4! (B-B3 ch?), P-B4 (best); (2) B-B3 ch! (BxB?), K-R2; (3) P=Kt ch!, K-R3; (4) B-Q2 ch! (B-Kt7 ch?), K-R4; (5) R-Q5 ch (hence the key move), K-R5; (6) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt5; (7) R-Kt5 mate. If (1) . . . K-R2; (2) B-K7!, K-Kt3; (3) P=Q!, QxR; (4) Q-B6 ch K-R2; (5) Q-B7 ch and wins the Q.

Many failed to see every subtlety of C. Prizes: J. W. Ecelson, J. P. Ford, M. P. Furmston, H. Garfath, J. R. Harman.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword 393

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 393, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 1 March.



ACROSS

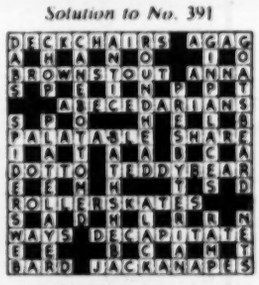
1. Round for dismissal (5).
4. Controversial foreigner with obscure claim (9).
9. A fellow sick with a cigar (7).
10. Pen which makes the artist play unskilfully (7).
11. Community nonsense in academic dress (8).
12. Name as a singer (6).
14. Market town? (4).
15. It is found in the part of London for smaller parties (10).
18. Game which makes one who is dumb go silent (5, 5).
20. Colour among the recruits (4).
23. The kind of grass to injure an animal that grazes (6).
24. The home centre has to sack all the players (8).
26. If the tory finger moves there is shooting (7).
27. Herbert is about to enquire for a North American (7).
28. Skill which gives a vehicle admission without parking (9).
29. The retreat exists for the saint (5).

DOWN

1. Contrived to be nearly arrived and wholly gone (9).
2. Part of plant in which a number almost take exercise (7).
3. A man with many serfs (6).
4. What the selectors often did for Osborne (10).
5. 'Or wak'd to ecstasy the living ——' (Gray) (4).
6. The drug has me climbing endlessly (8).
7. Novelist with inside the reverse of unwell (7).
8. Boundary trees (5).
13. Studies crime for a plot (10).
16. Make us eastern wines (9).
17. It may make many die or many diet (8).
19. The sailor discovers a shower of rain in the sea (7).
21. Food for the smart to know (7).
22. Legal process for a fellow in debt? (6).
23. Wonderful premier holds most of his drink (5).
25. River trial (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 391



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 391

J. P. Copson (Walton)
W. H. Tyrrell (Leigh-on-Sea)
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HOVE. Excel. accom. close sea. Very gd food, every comf From 5½ gns Haggith, 25 Rutland Gardens. Tel. 39493.

ISLAND Holiday. Farm holiday on Paradise Island surrounded by sea, for tranquility and enchantment, away from the crowds. Moderate terms. Ideal for naturalists. Boat trips also arranged by fast Diesel launch. Broch. by request. S.a.e. Davies, Ramsey Island, St Davids, Pembs.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple C country house in lovely valley. Easter, Whitsun and Summer holidays. 7-8 gns weekly 25s. daily. Also small farm cottage 'Steanbridge', nr Stroud, Glos Tel: Painswick 2093 evenings

THREE Tuns, St Keverne, Cornwall Bed, breakfast, dinner 8-9 gns Village inn Coast 2 miles

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s posted Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

CORNWALL, Porthleven, Tye Rock Hotel. Adjs beach. Views Land's End, Lizard. AA, RAC apprvd. S.a.e. broch.

HAVE you considered us for Easter, weekends, holidays? Also informal Continental microbus land cruises. Receiver Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel.: Rye 2207.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½ (7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166

ENGLISH family motoring West Ireland Easter: Country estate, fishing, sea fishing, boats, islands, mountains, lakes, glens, beaches, ponies. Ceilidhe music. Teenagers welcome. Prynne, 56 Holyhead Road, Coventry. Tel: 20692

WHERE TO STAY—continued

BEAUTIFUL country guest cottage near Land's End. Unmatched comfort. Excellent cuisine and service. All modern cons., Comf. rms. Pets welc. Box 2229.

ROME. Modern comf. accom. with Italian family. B & B. 15s. per day, minimum 1 week. Massimi, Via Dulceri 62.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany Keryvonn Hotel. From 30s. (June 25s.) Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands (Bus leaflet

WEST Coast of Ireland. Spend your 1960 holidays here & stay at Avondale House, on Clew Bay, Mulrany, Co. Mayo

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'MARXISM Today', February, contains a full-length critique by Andrew Rothstein of Strachey's 'The End of Empire'. Also J. R. Campbell on 'Highlights of Nationalisation: Past and Future' 1s. 6d. from Central Books, 37 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1

'WHICH?' is published by the Consumers' Association. The February issue reports frankly and factually on Hormone Creams, Cycle Rear Lamps, Deodorants, Dyers' & Cleaners' Agreements and completes the Fibres & Fabrics glossary. 'Which?' is available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, mags; any lang Hammersmith Bookshop, Ws. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

CONTENTS of February Plebs: 'Why Did Labour's Vote Decline?' by Ingemar Lindblad 'The Trade Unions and Public Opinion' by George Woodcock 'Frederick Adler' by Julius Braunthal, 'Marxism and Darwinism IV' by Anton Pannekoek, 'Workers' Education in Yugoslavia' by Brian Luckham, 'This Wicked World' by J. P. M. Millar, Pars from the Press, New Books, Letters, News of the Movement. Plebs is 6d, by post 8d, or 7s 6d a year from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'3' Arts Quarterly. Painting, Sculpture, New Writing. First issue: March, 1960. Contributors include: Henry Moore, Gio Ponti, Stuart Holroyd, McNeil Lowry. '3' is published by the Woodstock Gallery Editor: Frederick Palmer.

HATS Off to Progress, verses by John Nibb. 1s 3d. post pd. BM/JONIB, WC1

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

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WIMBLEDON Common: Visit Lloyds' Bookshop, 64 High St, for scholarly books Nat. Book Sale 17-27 Feb Also wide range 2nd-hnd bks, prints, old maps.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6d. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT RESEARCH PROJECT

Two Assistant Research Workers required for this new research and consulting project which is concerned with social life and individual participation in a large housing estate area in Edinburgh.

(a) A social anthropologist, or sociologist, or social psychologist, with experience of research into communities or enterprises will be appointed for three years in the first instance, with a possible extension for the whole of the project (approximately five years). Salary £850 × £50 to £950

(b) A psychiatric or medical social worker with experience of therapeutic case work will be appointed for the whole project. Salary £800 × £50 to £1,000, subject to revision after three years.

Both will participate in research and in consulting and advisory activities. The case worker may be particularly concerned in family research and in developmental activities in the social case work and welfare service field.

Both appointments are superannuated. Closing date 7 March, 1960.

Further information and application forms from Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh, 8.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts:—
LECTURER IN SOCIAL SCIENCE
LECTURER IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OR IN SOCIOLOGY
TWO LEVERHULME RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS

Salary scales, according to age, qualifications and experience:
Lectureships: £900 x £50 to £1,350 x £75 to £1,650
Fellowships: £900 to £1,200 per annum

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications (6 copies) must be sent by 5 March, 1960.

ESSEX

APPOINTMENT OF FULL-TIME DEPUTY WARDEN WARWICK YOUTH CENTRE, WALTHAMSTOW

Applications are invited for the post of full-time Deputy Warden (man or woman) to assist the full-time Warden in the general administration of the Youth Centre, and with the organisation of educational classes and social and recreative activities. Possession of a degree, teacher's certificate, Social Studies or Youth Leader's Diploma is desirable, and candidate should have had experience in youth work and/or teaching.

Salary in accordance with the Committee's scale for full-time deputy wardens of Youth Centres, viz: (man) £520 × £27 10s. (16) × £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., plus London Allowance.

Substantial additions to scale for training and qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Salaries Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) may be obtained from and should be returned to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Forest Road, Walthamstow, E17, as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worth while career for men and women in an expanding service. One year courses are provided at the Universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Durham (King's College, Newcastle), Leicester, Liverpool, Southampton, and the London School of Economics. Men and women with University qualifications in social science are eligible to be considered for all courses. Qualified teachers, health visitors and graduates in other subjects are also invited to apply but generally can be considered only for a somewhat longer course. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. Write to the Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1. For courses starting in October, 1960, candidates should apply now, and in any case not later than 1 March, 1960.

BUCKS COUNTY COUNCIL

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT required to work in Aylesbury to assist in a pioneer enquiry by the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine into the work of social service workers in Buckinghamshire.

The appointment is initially for a period of eighteen months starting in April, 1960, but with a possibility of extension. The salary will be within the range £880-£1,220 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Further details and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned to whom completed forms must be returned by 27 February, 1960.

R. E. MILLARD
Clerk of the Bucks County Council.
County Hall, Aylesbury.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITALS FOR NERVOUS DISEASES

Applications are invited for the appointment of a

PSYCHOLOGIST

to give assistance to the Senior Psychologist at The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1. The appointment is full-time. An Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) is essential and postgraduate experience would be an advantage, though an appointment at probationer level may be considered.

The appointment is for a period of one year in the first instance. Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be sent to the Secretary to the Board of Governors, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, London, WC1, not later than 29 February, 1960.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Ambitious young women embarking on a secretarial career are invited to come and see us. From a wide circle of clients in the professions and in commerce, a happy choice would most probably result.

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ST MARYLEBONE Labour Party requires Secretarial Assistant. Hrs 3-7 p.m. Tues, Thurs & Fris. Knowl. typing & office routine. Apply Secy, 11 Hanover House, NW8, or PRI 6092 before 10 a.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for a new post as Social Worker attached to this office. Duties will include family case work and interviewing some men on release. Salary as for Probation Service. Further details available from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. Closing date: 7 March, 1960.

MOTIVATION RESEARCH

Women aged between 25 and 45 with a good standard of education and free to travel are wanted for a particularly interesting and varied type of interviewing.

A guaranteed amount of work will be offered to the right person provided she is fully mobile.

Box 2423

LONDON County Council. Social Workers invited to apply for appointment as assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service, attendance at school clinics and hospital out-patient departments and the social work arising. Close co-operation with the voluntary care committee workers is an essential feature and the position carries some responsibility for the recruitment, training and advising of these workers. There will also be opportunity for suitable candidates to take part in case-work with problem families. For such candidates experience in family case-work is essential and all candidates should have had experience in practical social work with preferably the relevant social science training. Salary scale: £625 (at age 24) to £830, commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from the Medical Officer of Health, (PH/D 1/223), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 1 March.

ASSISTANT Organiser Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council. Appointment to be made in accordance with the terms of the National Agreement. Commencing salary £560 per annum. Application Forms to be obtained from W. G. White, Secretary/Agent, Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council, 59 Bethel St, Norwich, to whom they must be returned not later than 1 March, 1960.

LONDON, NW11. Chemistry teacher to 'A' level (part- or full-time) wanted Sept., 1960. Small groups: newly equipped labs. Recognised co-educational day school. Burnham (London). Apply in writing: Headmaster, King Alfred School, North End Rd.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. Assistant Youth Employment Officer (female) required in Uxbridge and Wembley. Good education essential, experience in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary APT1 £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £30 p.a. Commencing salary according to ability, qualifications and experience. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP) 10 Great George Street, SW1, by 29 February. Prescribed conditions. (Quote B 981 NS)

ESSEX. Appointment of full-time Deputy Warden, Bifrons Youth Centre, Barking. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Deputy Warden (man or woman) to assist full-time Warden in the general administration of this Youth Centre, and with the organisation of educational classes and social and recreative activities. Possession of a degree, teacher's certificate, Social Studies or Youth Leader's Diploma is desirable, and candidates should have had experience in youth work and/or teaching. Salary in accordance with the Committee's scale for full-time deputy wardens of Youth Centres, viz: (man) £520 × £27 10s. (16) × £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., plus London Allowance. Substantial additions to scale for training and qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Salaries Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) may be obtained from and should be returned to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Barking, as soon as possible.

ESSEX. (1) Goodall Youth Centre, Leyton. (2) Petits Youth Centre, Romford. Full-time Wardens are required as soon as possible for these Youth Centres. Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Diploma or Teaching Certificate, and must have had experience in youth work. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 × £30 (6) × £20 (1) to £1,125 p.a., plus London Allowance for the Leyton post. The scale will be subject to additions for training and qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Salary Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Further details and application form (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 29 February, 1960.

SUMMERHILL requires woman teacher, juniors, April term. Boarding. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT *cont on p.270*

GRANADA TV require a Publications Manager to superintend Granada publishing ventures, which may range from cloth bound books to paperbacks, brochures and pamphlets. Applicants should have experience of publishing, particularly on the distribution, administrative and production sides.

Applicants should write giving details of previous experience, etc., to Sidney L. Bernstein, 36 Golden Square, London, W1.

The last OUTCASTS

SUPPOSE A CHILD has the misfortune to be born an epileptic. Suppose epilepsy develops in adolescence . . . or when a man is thirty-five. The pattern life will take *from the moment epilepsy is diagnosed* can be forecast with depressing accuracy. Many of these people will be unemployed, afraid of marriage and its responsibilities, apart and rejected all their lives—*unless rational people like yourself take a hand to change public opinion.*

Medicine has leapt forward. The attacks can be controlled so that nearly all could lead a normal, useful existence . . . if only our social thinking had kept pace with technical achievement. Society—not Epilepsy—holds them back today. The British Epilepsy Association wants to lift the mediæval fog of ignorance and superstition surrounding this last group of outcasts, the estimated quarter of a million epileptics in our midst. Write to us for the free booklet which tells you what epilepsy really is and how your voice can help to change the future for all epileptics. The British Epilepsy Association, Dept. NS.2, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes, salary scale APTDI (£610-£765). Duties include case work with children in homes, and preference will be given to candidates with a university qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

HAMPSHIRE County Council - Applications are invited for two posts in the medically directed Hampshire Child Guidance Service for either (a) Psychiatric Social Workers or (b) Case Workers - training in mental health aspects given. Salary rising to a maximum of £845 or £785 respectively, according to qualifications and experience. Ability to drive essential. Visits to see and discuss the Service with the staff can be arranged. Further particulars and application forms from the Principal School Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

HILL End Hospital, St Albans, Herts. (For mental and nervous disorders). Psychologist required for adult work, three sessions per week, at the above Hospital within easy reach of Central London. Salary and conditions according to Whitley Council. Salary £1 14s. 3d. per session. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and giving the names of two referees to the Hospital Secretary by 29 February, 1960.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a vacancy as Psychiatric Social Worker, whole-time or part-time, in the Psychiatric Out-Patient Department at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, 1055 Gt Western Road, Glasgow, W2, not later than 29 February, 1960.

URGENT need for Science Graduate Phys./Chem., who will develop science teaching and lab. work in Queensland Anglican Boarding School (on Aust. H.M. Conf.) Teaching to Uni. Entrance. Good lab. Flat in school. £1,200-£1,400 (Aust.) acc. to experience. Full passage paid single man. Possible assist passages if married. Prac. Anglican prefd. Write, Rev. R. Waddington, St Luke's Vicarage, Cambridge.

VALUABLE Careers: Creative Leisure. Hillcroft offers women over twenty a year's residential course in liberal, social and cultural subjects for personal development or as foundation for training for teaching, social work, &c. Recog. by Ministry of Education. Grants avail. Consult: Sec. (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Sy.

CAMBRIDGE, 10 July-7 Sept. Resident married couple required to conduct and supervise short residential summer courses for foreign students. One or both to teach. Experience of teaching English as foreign language essential. Write: DOS, Davies's, 62 Bateman Street, Cambridge.

ASSISTANT cook reqd, grammar boarding school for maladjusted boys. Progressive atmosphere. JIC Scale. Participation in social life of school. Apply Red Hill School, East Sutton, nr Maidstone, Kent.

FINSBURY Borough Council. Library Secretary required, shorthand/typing (100/45) and good GCE essential. Salary according to age and qualifications rising to £760 per annum. Closing date 29 February. Particulars from Henry A. Davey, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1.

CLERICAL Assistant (Lady) required for membership records, mailing, filing and relief on switchboard. Hours 9.30 to 5.30 Mondays to Fridays, and one Saturday morning in three. Good holidays. Age 30-45. Salary about £435 p.a. Write giving full details to The Secretary, The Architectural Association, 36 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

CONSCIENTIOUS secretary receptionist, not too young, for small West End portrait studio, adaptable to individual work. No shorthand. Simple bookkeeping. Box 2428.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist with considerable office experience for technical section of bookselling organisation. Duties will include managerial correspondence and guidance to junior members of the section. Salary approx. £11 per week. Also, Shorthand-Typist, fair speeds, for varied correspondence, salary on CAWU scale. Permanent staff receive 2 weeks holiday in the first year; 3 weeks subsequently and may join a free Superannuation Scheme. Apply: Collet's 44/45 Museum St, WC1.

SECRETARY with good speeds required for interesting membership work in a professional association. No Saturdays. L.V.'s. Starting salary £10 depending on age and exper. Phone: Institute of Personnel Management, HOL. 3456 (Ext. 103).

THEATRICAL Personal Managers require male trainee executive. Excellent career prospects for person aged 20-30 with initiative, good manner & appearance. Box 2351.

BOOKSHOP in North London requires lady assistant. Shop experience not required, but first-class typing essential. Half-day Saturday. £8 p.w. Box 2103.

PART-time Secretary (afternoons), willing to teach Shorthand and Typewriting, wanted by West End School. Good speeds and one foreign language an advantage. Box 2312.

EXP. S/hand Secretary, well-ed. and pref. with knowl. TV and film work wtd by Authors' Representative. Box 2399.

SECRETARY, 24/25, educ. & gd speeds, for a director in well-known advertising agency, W1. Sal. to £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

HOME typist wanted at up to 6s. per 1,000 wds. Scientific vocabulary needed. Earn Grundig as you type. Box 2486.

DOCTOR'S house. Cook-housekeeper reqd. 4 adults out all day. Box 2306.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickens & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SCILLIADS for Secs. No 1. Anxious Anthropoid seeks Amiable Analysis-clerk. This remarkable post may not be quite your cup of tea: but we have others just as interesting, especially for good Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, at salaries up to £15 p.w. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

'CIDER with Rosie' or 'Dinner with the Family', but Tea with Mrs Johnson; a chat and a job. Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1. (Next door to Gamages).

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, London, W1. WELbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN, penniless & homeless, seeks bona fide help to a job in congenial circumstances. Box 2416.

YOUNG Italian lady, Univ. degree, good French, typing, interested in arts and politics, reqs position with newspaper. Almost anything considered. Box 2374.

TEMP. non-res. post London reqd by wom. 30's. Prof. quals: Soc. Sci. & Child Care. Interests ranging beyond. Driving licence. Sh./typg. Box 2394.

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London, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

STAY on charming Belgian Coast at the Hotel Bristol, Coq-sur-Mer, Ostend 5 miles. Ideal for family holidays. Excellent cuisine.

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You may hate sailing (or mules) but in any case you should write or telephone for our 48-page programme. There are a lot of other interesting holidays which you will want to know about.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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The Educational Travel Association have once again produced a comprehensive travel booklet listing over 200 independent and escorted holidays throughout Europe. Special plans for this year include Easter tours to Vienna and Italy, low cost visits to the Italian art centres, Russia and Greece, and some exciting and inexpensive new centres in Yugoslavia, Bavaria, the Dolomites, Switzerland, Austria, Spain and Scandinavia. Prices are as low as ever from £26 15s. for 15 days.

Free 48-page brochure from: (Dept C8), 207 Victoria Street, London, SW1 (opposite Victoria Station).

Tel: VIC. 4826.

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A SMALL Private Holiday Party to visit Czechoslovakia is being arranged by Mr Sam Bardell and Mr Lou Kenton. There will be one departure only - on Saturday, 25 June, 1960, returning Saturday, 9 July, travelling by air to the Continent and thence by coach to Prague with overnight stop en route. Fully inclusive cost of £44 15s. covers full accommodation in Czechoslovakia, overnight stop en route, excursions, ticket for the Spartakiade, tips, transfers, porterage, etc. Stay in Czechoslovakia will be partly in Prague and partly at a lakeside resort. Accommodation is limited, applications should be made to Mr Bardell, BCFL, 15 Uxbridge St, London, W8.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet. 'Better Holidays' Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson) LAN. 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1 HOL. 1193.

OLYMPICS 22 gns, Continent 20 gns 2 wks, Eng. Lakes 12 gns 1 wk. Box 2333.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys and girls 7-18 years. HAM. 2019 until 23 Feb.

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LECTURES, etc—contd from p.272

BIALIK' - Lecture by David Patterson, MA (Cowley Lecturer in Post-Biblical Hebrew, Oxford) on Sunday, 21 Feb. at 4.30 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (opp. Lord's). All welcome.

'THEATRE in America'. Talk by Mary McCarthy, 23 Feb., at 6.30 p.m., at American Library, 41 Grosvenor Sq., W1. Admission free.

CROWTHER Report and the Sixth Form. Mr A. Peterson, Director, Oxford University Dept of Education, will speak to Education Group, British Sociological Association, at 8 p.m., Wed., 24 Feb., at 13 Endsleigh St, London, WC1.

WILLIAM Temple Assocn. 23 Feb., 8 p.m. Dr Michael Fordham on Psychology & Theology. 24 S. Audley St, W1

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs., 25 Feb. 'The Philosophy of Death'. Admission free.

'IS Peace Possible?': Information Officer, UN, Leighton House, Kensington, Thurs. 25 February, 8 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tuesdays, 7.30, Discourse. Swami Ghanananda, Thurs 25 Feb., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Yoga of Wisdom by the Harder Way'.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 24 Feb., 6.30: 'Fundamentals of Buddhism'. Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikkhu (English Sangha). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT 1313.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 21 Feb. Dr W. E. Swinton, FRSE, 'Refugees and Research'. Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 23 Feb. Miss Barbara Smoker: 'G.B.S. and the A.B.C.'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 21 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'War on Prejudice': H. J. Blackham.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 26 Feb., 8.30. 'The Lost Art of Conversation', Herbert Bluen. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public lecture. Free.

'THEOSOPHY and Spiritualism'. Public Lecture. 21 Feb., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

THE Splinter Group, Conway Hall, Thurs. 25 Feb., 7.30. 'Is Love Sex?'. Visitors 3s. 6d.

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FUTURE of Socialism, Fabian Weekend School nr Preston, 27-28 Feb. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, H. D. Hughes, W. J. M. Mackenzie, H. A. Turner. Dets: from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-1 esson Postal Course with individual tutorial help. Write Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894)

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THE ROYAL BALLET

23 Feb. at 7.30	Le Lac des Cygnes
25 Feb. at 8.0 & 27 Feb. at 2.15	Danses Concertantes, Giselle
27 Feb. at 7.30	Les Rendezvous, Petrushka Pineapple Poll

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
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23 & 25 Feb.	The Pearl Fishers
24 Feb.	The Marriage of Figaro
26 Feb.	The Moon and Sixpence (last perf.)
27 Feb.	The Merry Widow

OPERA Circle. 'Lucia di Lammermoor', Sun. 28 Feb. 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Soloists: June Bronhill, André Turp, John Shaw. Piano: Robert Keys. Intro. by Lionel Dunlop. Details: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0 Th. Sat. 5.0. 'A Moon for the Misbegotten' Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence' by Charles Marowitz A Variety in the styles of Beckett & Ionesco. British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., Fridays at 8 p.m. No charge. '. . . more imaginative work than one sees on most professional London stages' Alvarez, New Statesman.

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ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'The Lily White Boys' 'A musical to remember' - M. Shulman.

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5. 8.0. 'The Long & The Short & The Tall'

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UNITY. EUS. 5391 'Bloomsday'. 'Outstanding success', last perf. 21 Feb. Fri., Sat., Sun 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

PHILOMUSICA of London. Conductor: Charles Farncombe. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday 28 Feb., at 8 p.m. Overture 'Hercules'; Concerto Grosso, Op. 3, No. 2 (Handel); Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 (Bach); Arrival of the Queen of Sheba' (Handel); London Symphony, No. 104 (Haydn). Arias from Acis & Galatea, Hercules and Semele. Soloists: Monica Sinclair and Owen Brannigan. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Box Office TER. 7070.

IDOMENEO (Sung in Italian). Concert Version of Mozart's opera presented by the Impresario Society, St Pancras Town Hall, Friday 4 Mar. at 7.30 p.m. Ilse Wolf, Jeannette Sinclair, David Galliver, Arda Mandikian, John Dobson, Derek Hammond-Stroud, The Goldsbrough Orchestra. Conductor: Hans Ucko. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Box Office TER. 7070.

THE Jewish Festival Committee presents the first Jewish Festival of Music, at St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1, on Sunday evening 21 February. London Jewish Male Choir, Brady Ramblers, Tenth Anniversary Choral Society, Zimriyah Choral Society of Birmingham, and Zemel Choral Society. Prog. starts 8.0 prompt (doors open 7.30). Tkts: 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., & £1 1s. available at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

LAUNCH THE S. AFRICAN BOYCOTT at GALA DANCE AND CABARET at 'Paso Por Aqui' Club, 64 Heath Street, Hampstead (1 min. Hampstead Underground) Friday, 26 Feb., 1960, from 8 p.m. Band. Bar. Personal Appearance TV Star Cudley Dudley. Dress informal. Tkts at door 7s. 6d. single. SA Freedom Association

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 21 Feb. 'Port of Call' (X). From 22 Feb. 'Summer Interlude' (A).

RAM Gopal, The World Famous Indian Dancer with Company of Dancers, Singers and Musicians presented by the Asian Music Circle. St Pancras Town Hall. Three performances 29 Feb., 1 & 2 March at 7.30 p.m. Tkts: 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office. TER. 7070.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette, Today, Saturday, 20 February, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

CENTRAL London Fabian Dance at the 'Goat and Compasses', 341 Euston Road, on Sat. 20 Feb. Dancing to the Melody Trio from 7.45-11.45. Tickets 4s.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 20 Feb., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

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Church Street
SUSSEX ARTISTS' EXHIBITION
1960
13 February to 13 March
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Admission free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Henrion 'Things and Symbols' Exhibition of a General Consultant Designer's Work. Extended to 17 March. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Eric Finlay - Graphic Work. Until 27 February.

MOSCOW drawings by Abu of 'The Observer' at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. 3-8 p.m. dly till 29 Feb.

EVA Hauser Gallery, 281a Finchley Rd, NW3. Leslie Dyer. 22 Feb.-19 March. Daily 9.30-6, Thurs. 9.30-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

'THE Creative Craftsman'. Exhibition presented by the Crafts Centre of Great Britain at RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 9 March. Mon.-Fri. 10-7: Sat. 10-5. Admn Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Avray Wilson: & Selected French Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 18 March.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Bakic - sculptures, Picelj - paintings, Srnec - paintings. Yugoslav Artists, till 29 February. 10-6.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. C. Ben-Tovim, Timothy Holliday, Peter H. Lucas Paintings & Drawings 10-6 Sats 10-1

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhib., 2 Sclptrs & 2 Pntrs - Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders Dly incl Sats 10-5.30. Th. 10-1

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Polish Graphic Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 19 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

FRENCH 18th Century Furniture Design Drawings from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 19 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Special section: American Artists from Europe. Works lent through the cooperation of the United States Information Service. 17 February-4 March Weekdays 10-5. Weds & Fris 10-7 Admission 1s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the thirteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 2 March 1960. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art Dept, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Stone Age Paintings from Castellón. Till 27 Feb 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660

KAPLAN Gallery International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture. 6 Duke Street, St James's.

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Ptgs: McCannell & Daniels.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1 Anthony Whishaw: Oils Graham Sutherland: Early gouaches. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.)

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Trevor Bell 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5 Free

FOUR-One an exhibition of paintings by Michael Fussell, Patrick Hayman, Jack Smith, Evelyn Williams, with sculpture by George Fullard. 7-27 Feb 5. Ldn Art Gall Peckham Rd, SE5 Dly 10-6. Suns 3-6.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. 1st exhib. paintings Sonia Lawson & Olwyn Bowey 5-27 Feb

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DANILO DOLCI VISITS BRITAIN
PUBLIC MEETING: Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 7.30 p.m. Thurs., 25 February.
Dolci will also address Meetings in Oxford, Cambridge, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester & Liverpool.
Details from Dolci Committee, 29 Gt James St, WC1. CHA. 3228.

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB
formerly Universities & Left Review Club
Monday, 22 February: 7.30 for 8 p.m.
THE NEW LEFT & CLAUSE FOUR:
Charles Taylor and Stuart Hall.
Mahatma Gandi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. (Two minutes Warren St Station).
Admission 2s. 6d Members 1s.

NLR Principles of Socialism Study Group. 'The Labour Movement & Socialism', Ralph Miliband, 3 p.m., 21 February, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Zola, 'Germinal', and Gorki, 'Mother': Frederick Sampson, 8 p.m. 25 Feb. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LONDON Film Group, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Change of programme for Sunday, 21 February: 'The Battle of Russia'. Left Book Centre, 6.15 and 8 p.m.; members 1s., non-members 2s.

'TIME and Motion Study in the Office' - New Jewish Society, Wed. 24 Feb. at 8 p.m. 83 Chiltern Street, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. 'Design' Discussion. Apropos the Henrion exhibition, there will be a discussion on the problems of the General Consultant Designer Speakers will include: Kenneth Robinson, Kenneth Garland, Geoffrey Holroyd. Tuesday 23 February, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d. 'Jazz'. (1) Ellington Big Works by Vic Bellerby. (2) Charlie Mingus by Jack Cooke. Wednesday, 24 February, 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d. 'Psychology' Pitfalls in Translation: Film and Discussion. 'Deracinement - a study of psychotic art - will be shown in its French and English speaking versions. A discussion on the translation of its commentary will be opened by Dr Morris Carstairs and Jacques Brunius. Thursday, 25 February, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d. 'Literature'. Mary McCarthy will answer questions on the literary scene in America. Questioners will include: Rayner Heppenstall, Paul Johnson, Karl Miller. Tuesday, 1 March, 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ANTI-Semitism and Racial Incitement Conference on Saturday, 27 February at Friends' House, Euston Road, NW1, 2.30 p.m. Speakers The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Leslie Plummer, MP, and Mr Neil Lawson, QC Called by the National Council for Civil Liberties to follow up the protests and recommend the solution. Details from NCCL, 293 New King's Rd, SW6. (RENown 2254).

IN Place of the Bomb - Frank Beswick leads discussion meeting on Defence. Partisan Coffee House Library, Carlisle St, W1. 23 February at 8 p.m. Organised by the LCS Political Committee.

NUCLEAR Disarmament - Fabian International Bureau Meeting. Wayland Young, Humphry Berkeley, MP, Denis Healey, MP, Charles Taylor. 7.30, Tues., 23 Feb., Mahatma Gandhi Hall, (near Warren St Tube). Adm. 2s. 6d. All welc.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 19 Feb., 8 p.m. A. A. Surkov, Poet, President USSR-Gt Britain Assn, Moscow, will answer questions concerning Soviet literature. Fri. 26 Feb., Sat. 27 Feb., 8 p.m. 'Balagantchik' by A. Blok & scenes from 'Boris Godunov' by A. Pushkin acted by young Club Members.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Georges Salvan on 'France, Algiers and De Gaulle' 7.30 p.m. Wednesday, 24 February. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secty, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

'THE Exploration of the Moon' Two lectures by Patrick Moore, FRAS, at 3 and 5 p.m. on Saturday, 20 February, 1960, at Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14. (TID 2266). Fee 1s. per lecture: tickets in advance, or at the door. Further details on application.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Free. 23 Feb. 'The Philosopher's Quest' by Mr A. H. Basson; 25 Feb. 'The American Town Today' by Dr B. Schlaffenberg

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1 Lecture by Dn. Mauricio Torra-Balari on 'Carlos V y su primera entrada en Barcelona' on 25 February at 6 p.m.

ASSOCIATION of Workers for Maladjusted Children. YWCA, Central Club, Great Russell Street, London, WC1. Sat. 5 March, 2.30 p.m. Mr E. A. R. Braithwaite (author of 'To Sir with Love') will speak on 'Maladjustment'. Visitors welc.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, EC2 Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on 'Shakespeare: Four Historical Plays', will be given by Prof. Rosamy Dobrée, MA, (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric) on Mon. to Thurs., 22 to 25 Feb. The Lectures are free & begin at 5.30 p.m.

CHINA Mon. 22 Feb. Agriculture and the Communes. H. V. Garner, agronomist and D. Bryan, writer. Chair: J. Dribbon. All recently in China. 7.30. 2a. Friends House, Euston Rd. Britain-China Friendship Assocn.

COLLET'S Talks Sir Charles Snow on 'Education in the USSR, USA & Britain', Friday 19 February, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1. 2s. Collet's, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC2

LECTURES, etc—contd on p.371

.... EAST END SLUM. THE ILLEGITIMATE SON OF A PROSTITUTE. I WAS SOON TO BECOME AN ORPHAN, MY MOTHER WAS MURDERED BY A SEX MANIAC...
... I WAS SENT TO BORSTAL AT 12 FOR A CRIME I DIDN'T DO. THEN CAME THE WAR. – DURING THAT I LOST THE USE OF MY RIGHT ARM AND LEFT LUNG...
AFTER THE WAR I GOT MARRIED BUT MY WIFE CHANGED SEX AND RAN AWAY WITH MY ELDEST DAUGHTER..
BANG
...LEAVING BEHIND OUR OTHER TEN KIDS – FIVE OF THEM ARE NOW IN DARTMOOR AND...
BIRO.

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